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THE WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON,

INCLUDING

THE WHOLE CONTENTS OF BP. HURD'S EDITION, WITH LETTERS AND OTHER PIECES NOT FOUND IN ANY PREVIOUS COLLECTION; AND MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

EDITED,

WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

"No whiter page than Addison remains,
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue thro' the heart."—POPE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

FEW men have been more careful of their literary reputation than Addison. The last words that he wrote for the public eye, were a dedication of his works to his friend Mr. Craggs. At the same time he gave Tickell particular directions about collecting and publishing them, justly feeling that there was nothing in them which he could look back upon with regret, even from his death-bed. Two years afterwards, the first edition appeared in four handsome quartos, with an engraving from Kneller's portrait, an emblematical vignette, and a full list of subscribers. Tickell undoubtedly meant to do justice to the memory of his patron, but his jealousy of Steele prevented him from calling Addison's earliest and most intimate friend to his assistance, and with the exception of the papers from the Tatler, which were pointed out by Steele at Addison's request, there is nothing in this edition which any other editor might not have done equally well. The only inedited pieces were the Dialogues on Medals and the Treatise of

the Christian religion. The Drummer was omitted, much to Steele's mortification, who immediately republished it with many bitter complaints of the editor's carelessness and malignity. But if Tickell did less than he might have done for the illustration of Addison's life and writings, he paid a noble tribute to his virtues in the 'verses to the Earl of Warwick,' which still continues, what Goldsmith pronounced it to be, nearly a hundred years ago, 'one of the finest elegies in our language.'

Many years passed before another edition appeared. Meanwhile Steele died without fulfilling his promise of making up for Tickell's omissions; Tickell himself added nothing to his original edition; and all the members of that 'little senate,' each of whom might have told us many things we should have been glad to know, passed away one by one, leaving us as much in the dark concerning some of the most interesting events of Addison's literary life, as if he had passed all his days among men who had no pretensions to scholarship. Particular works were reprinted from time to time; the Spectator oftenest of all; the letter from Italy retaining its place in miscellanies and collections; and Cato never completely losing its hold upon the stage Finally the whole works were republished by Baskerville, with that typographical elegance which has given his editions so high a value for the lovers of handsome books; and again in London in 1804; but merely as reprints of the original edition of 1721.

"At last Bishop Hurd, resting a while from polemics and his Boswellian contemplation of Warburton, betook

himself to a serious study of the great master of English prose. No two men could have been more unlike than Addison and Hurd. Addison mild, genial and independent; Hurd bitter, irascible and cringing; the one raising himself to the highest rank by the force of talent, without the sacrifice of a friendship or a principle; the other making his way by subtle servility, and eagerly grasping at every means of promotion.

Still Hurd possessed some qualifications for his task. He was an admirer of good writing, and though cold, was not deficient in taste. He came with the feelings of a grammarian of the old school, to weigh words and start questions of syntax; and Addison furnishes abundant materials for both. It is amusing to see with what a tone the learned prelate pronounces sentence upon offending particles, and how rigorously he keeps sense and sentiment out of sight. Now and then, it is true, he betrays an indistinct consciousness that there is something more in his text than mere specimens of style; but most of his raptures are reserved for some happy construction or a word of peculiar elegance. It is of no use to ask for the explanation of an historical allusion, for he has none to give you. Manners and customs he passes by as though they had no bearing upon the subject; and leaves you to deal with proper names as if every body could be his own biographical dictionary. Still his notes are not without their value for the minute study of language. You may read them as you do Blair's critical examination,' and find yourself strengthened in verbal criticism; and though it is impossible not

to feel that when the Bishop of Worcester took up his pen to commentate Addison, he ought to have taken a wider range; yet within the limits which he set himself the task is well done, and his commentary will always find its place in a variorum.

A little before Hurd began his grammatical commentary, a writer of vastly higher qualifications announced his intention of giving a new edition of Addison. This was Beattie, who had made the Spectator his model in prose, and who sympathized, both in prose and in verse, with the classic taste of his master. Unfortunately this design was never fully carried out; other occupations and ill health compelling him to confine himself to a reprint and occasional commentary of the miscellaneous pieces. And it will ever continue a matter of surprise, that while Swift and Dryden found an editor like Scott; and Pope, already so loaded down with commentation, reappeared in two rival editions, no one should have felt that the best service that could be rendered to the cause of virtue and pure taste, would be an accurate edition of Addison.

The present edition, without pretending to contain all that might be done for the illustration of this eminent writer, claims to be, in some respects, superior to all its predecessors. The poems, which were carelessly thrown together in former editions, without any regard to their subject or their relative importance, have been accurately arranged, and, where the occasion required it, illustrated by notes. Several of Addison's finest poems were originally published in the Guardian and Spectator: these are

now placed under their proper heads. Portions of his correspondence, always the most faithful picture of a great man's heart, have been inserted at various times in different publications, particularly in the Addisoniana and in the life of Addison by Miss Aikin. These are now carefully collected and classed, as they deserve to be, among his works. The political tracts have been classed with the purely political essays; and the "Old Whig," which was omitted in all the other editions, is given in this in its proper place. Many of Addison's writings originally possessed a local and temporary interest, which they have not only lost for the modern reader, but have lost with it somewhat of that charm which arises from a familiarity with the names and circumstances to which they allude. As far as notes can revive it, it is hoped that the charm is in some measure restored in the present edition. The original orthography had been modernized by Hurd, whose system will be found, with a few exceptions, to correspond to the best usage of the present day. The American editor has not felt himself at liberty to reduce it to any cisatlantic standard. A list of the principal editions of Addison will be found in the fifth volume.

NEW-YORK, *August* 16, 1858.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ADDISON.[1]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

To Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions that do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticisms as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer, that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those, who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly in his favorite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced, that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his

1 In selecting a critical review of the life and writings of Addison, there could be no hesitation in giving the preference to Macaulay's celebrated essay, one of the most elaborate of his brilliant collection. The introductory paragraph, which refers especially to Miss Aikin's life of Addison, has been omitted.—G.

character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts —free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the "Biographia Britannica." Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned an humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen church to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains; by the soldiers within the wall or the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of the Jews and Mohammedans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the polity and religion of Barbary; and another on the Hebrew customs, and the state of rabbinical learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a doctor of divinity, archdeacon of Salisbury and dean of Litchfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the government by strenuously opposing the convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring-out; and another tradition that he ran away from school, and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a master of arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a prince and in such a minister, may justly excite amazement; and which had done more than even the prosecution of the bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling. A papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, refused to submit to this usurper had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected; the venerable house was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit, too often wanting in the princely colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed there had been no election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene, Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first

one of those scholars who are called *demies;* but was subsequently elected a fellow.[1] His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favorite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell.[2] It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later the ancient doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of boyish compositions; and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry; and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means

[1] He became fellow in course; *Demies* being students upon scholarships, who succeed in their order to the vacant fellowships.—G.

[2] *Addison's walk at Oxford.* "Passing to the rear of Magdalene College, on the left there opens a park filled with very ancient and noble trees, making that 'chequered shade' upon the short and verdant grass which poets love to talk about; while here and there are groups of deer standing up or lying down with an air of satisfaction and contentment belonging to creatures occupying their native possessions. Then turning to the right you enter through a tasteful iron gate and over a slight bridge, upon a walk, which, extending some distance to the left, turns abruptly to the right, when it stretches along the Cherwell and makes the circuit of the meadow. The trees throw a perpetual shade overhead, and the Cherwell keeps up a tinkling and gurgling melody beside you. Here a rustic mill catches the eye, there the towers of some of the colleges appear, half concealed by the intervening trees. Left and right of the walk are the brightest meadows; further off are views of the richly cultivated country. And this is Addison's walk."—TAPPAN'S *Step from the New World to the Old.*—V. 1, p. 140.

equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his work, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the Metamorphoses. Yet these notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now if, in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the Metamorphoses. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced; but his quotations, with scarcely a single exception, are taken from Latin verse. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient Pye or Hayley. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus.* On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description; or of the stern conciseness of the commentaries; or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought

to his recollection innumerable passages in Horace, Juvenal, Statius and Ovid.

The same may be said of the "Treatise on Medals." In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his "Essay on the Evidences of Christianity." The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's "Vortigern;" puts faith in the lie about the thundering legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Abgarus, king of Edessa, to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is, that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar.[3] We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-laborers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in

3 *Addison's knowledge of Greek.* Mr. Macaulay is probably right in his estimate of Addison's Greek; yet we often find him quoting passages from Greek writers with great apparent familiarity.—V. Spectator, 253, &c.; and it is not unfair therefore to suppose that he extended his circle of Greek reading after he left the University. The same accusation was brought against Johnson, who was not a little annoyed by it.—G.

his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page!

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that very few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success; and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer, and the Bowling-Green, were applauded by hundreds to whom the "Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris" was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favourite piece is the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humour which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint: and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyage to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

"The Emperor," says Gulliver, "is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

About thirty years before Gulliver's Travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:—

> "Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
> Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
> Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
> Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam."

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden

who after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and leader of the whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, Lines to King William, and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days the public were in the habit of receiving with applause pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize, or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a horse; and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his "Pastorals" appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second—Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham—would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses: and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunell's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the Æneid:—

> "This child our parent earth, stirred up with spite
> Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
> She was last sister of that giant race
> That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace.

> And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
> And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
> On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
> Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
> In the report, as many tongues she wears."

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:—

> "O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led
> By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
> No greater wonders east or west can boast
> Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
> If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
> The current pass, and seek the further shore."

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymer who had any skill in it passed for a great poet; just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others, whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honoured with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the Æneid, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic, by "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his bees," added Dryden, "my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving."

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course toward the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr

Lancelot Addison held an honourable place in the church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu first brought himself into notice by verses, well-timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have obtained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Roscommon, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but as soon as he had descended from his ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the lord keeper Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the state had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighboring country, we have recently

seen similar effects from similar causes. The Revolution of July, 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the state. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the administration and of the opposition have been professors, historians, journalists, poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation which followed the Revolution was great, but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France had no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm, though moderate whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers; and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhyme, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of £300 a year was procured for him by the interest of the lord keeper. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the chancellor of the exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The state—such was the purport of Montagu's letter—could not, at that time, spare to the church such a man as Addison. Too many high posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the minister's letter was remarkable. "I am called," he said, "an enemy of the church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

This interference was successful; and in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from

Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France. The countess, a whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit-Cat club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis XIV. was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit in charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries of Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the lord keeper, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. "The only return I can make to your lordship," said Addison, "will be to apply myself entirely to my business." With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois; a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the "Guardian," that while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side-glance which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malebranche, the other with Boileau. Malebranche expressed great partiality for the English.

and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the "Leviathan" a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to court or to the academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis XIV. what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the "Paradise Lost," and about "Absalom and Ahitophel;" but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation." Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis XIV. firmly, and even rudely, that his majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who

can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po?[4] Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederick the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederick the Great after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century—after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates—could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India (the last of Dr. Robertson's works), in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says—"Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins, que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de

[4] Et in Tito Livio miræ facundiæ viro putet inesse Pollio Asinius quandam Patavinitatem.—Quint. L. viii., c. 1. But Pollio was known rather as a captious than a just critic, and failed sadly in his own attempt to write history. Horace says, it is true, in one of his finest odes,

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, &c.—*Carm.* L. ii, c. 1.

But Pollio was a patron, and his work not yet published. If, however, the rule hold good, we should have very little genuine Roman Latin to go by. Virgil was born at Mantua, not very far from Padua. Cornelius Nepos, near Verona. Sallust was a Sabine. Neither Cicero, nor Horace, nor indeed scarcely any of the most eminent Roman writers, were natives of Rome, and yet they all escaped the charge of provincialism. Fleury, in his excellent "Traité des Études," takes very nearly the same ground with Macaulay. Gibbon complacently hesitates in speaking of his own French (V. G. Mem., p. 59), though his English is one of the strongest illustrations of the principle. Erasmus and Fracastorius, when they read Latin, read classic Latin. Robertson and Scott passed all their lives hearing and using Scotticisms in their daily intercourse. In these cases, therefore, the parallel hardly holds good. Italian literature furnishes instances for both sides. None of the greater poets but Dante and Petrarch were native Tuscans, and Petrarch went to France at nine; yet Ariosto and Tasso are now cited by the Crusca. Then again Alfieri, in his prose could not always forget his French education; yet Botta, born and educated in Piedmont, and living in Paris, wrote the purest Italian of the age, unless we should except Cesari, Giordani, and Colombo, none of whom were Tuscans. Arguing by examples, therefore, we should say, Difficile sì, ma non impossibile.—G.

Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile." Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of Père Fraguier's epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed, it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin, is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins—

> "Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
> Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
> Musa, jubes?"

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favorite theme much and well; indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover, in the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the states-general, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a

great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world, is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December, 1700, he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive-trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode—"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the Spectator. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her book of gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and in this position he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that

this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the exultation of a whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic, swarmed with an honest, healthy, contented peasantry: while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome, Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary, because the holy week was close at hand. He has given us no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as

the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond-trees of Capreæ. But neither the wonders of nature nor those of art could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip V. was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Arragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Arragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his Freeholder, the tory foxhunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and

the duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France. But Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the grand alliance against the house of Bourbon were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild, and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded, when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the divine goodness had "warmed the hoary Alpine hills."

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers; and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the "Essay on Criticism." It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honor to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons; and, though his peers had dismissed the impeachment, had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had be-

come secretary of state. Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honorable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William III.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller; and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on "Medals." It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany, Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit-Cat Club—a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress. The accession of Anne had been hailed by the tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the church; and among these none stood so high in the favor of the sovereign as the lord-treasurer Godolphin and the captain-general Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favored at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to dissenters by the late king would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that

the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the government would avoid close connections with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a whig policy; at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid tories were alienated from the government. The votes of the whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The whigs of 1704 were in a situation resembling that in which the whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim on the 13th August, 1704. By the whigs the news was now hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the imperial throne, humbled the house of Bourbon, and secured the act of settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the tories was very different. They could not, indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at Newmarket or at the

card-table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare; and that the great whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. One of these poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines·

> "Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast;
> Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

Where to procure better verses the treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy. He was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honor to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; the public money was squandered on the undeserving "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the whigs, gently replied, that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified; and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honorable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born minister had been sent by the lord-treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which to so good a whig was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Go-

dolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a commissionership, with about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favors.

The "Campaign" came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the "Epistle to Halifax." Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the "Campaign," we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labor rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armor, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he hurled his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation—of men who sprang from the gods, and communed with the gods face to face—of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armor, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking the Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the life-guardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Bonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his

sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, was the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between generals of the first order; and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris, and Butes, and Maris, and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus, and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the thigh bone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the "Splendid Shilling," represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:—

"Churchill viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?"

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlbo

rough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics.[5] The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generations seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price. It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humor in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a litera-

5 *Escaped all the critics.* Here Macaulay is mistaken, for this circumstance had already been noticed many years before by a critic, cited in No. 158 of the Addisoniana.

ry tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous stream of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman; and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware, that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, of Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favorite poet of the all-accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favorite models were Latin. His favorite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively opera of "Rosamond." This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, "Rosamond" was set to new music by Doctor Arne; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects and the prospects of his party were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705 the ministry were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which tories of the most perverse class had

the ascendency. The elections were favorable to the whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The great seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the garter to the electoral prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honorable mission by Addison, who had just been made under-secretary of state. The secretary of state under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the high churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707 the tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favored by the queen, who had always been a tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The captain-general was at the height of popularity and glory. The low-church party had a majority in Parliament. The country squires and rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708 their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and before the end of that year, Somers was made lord-president of the council, and Wharton lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavorable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it is inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively under-secretary of state, chief secretary for Ireland, and secretary of state, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in

debate, he rose to a post the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the censorship of the press ceased and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or an argument, is to introduce that statement or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning, is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments; and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was, therefore, a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub-street few more assiduous scribblers of thoughts, letters, answers, remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the opposition, and possessed of £30,000 a year, edited the "Craftsman." Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets; and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was, certainly, in Anne's reign, the best tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the tories as Swift, and whether

Cowper did so much for the whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the state than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding-sleeves. As far as the homage of the great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been lord-treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public, as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was

[6] *The malignant Pope.* With all our respect for Macaulay, we must enter our protest against his injustice to Pope, of whom he scarcely ever speaks without some derogatory epithet. The man who could not only write such verses as these, but live up to them, has at least some claim to our respect.

> Me let the tender office long engage
> To rock the cradle of reposing age
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath—
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep at least one parent from the sky.—G. *Prol. to the Satires.*

forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the whigs, could not but confess to Stella, that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined; —that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something that was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were his great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right, were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician, who is so zealous for the honor of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies, would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table from the time when the play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent-Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. "There is no such thing," he used to say, "as real conversation, but between two persons."

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most

venial of all peccalilloes; and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a king or rather as a god. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart as Addison's. But it must in candor be admitted, that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell,[1] a young templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honorable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint; descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another; ruined his fortune by follies; attempted to repair it by crimes; and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison; and recorded those feelings in the last

1 *Budgell.* He forged a will—Dr. Tindal's—and drowned himself to escape prosecution. "When Eustace Budgell was walking down to the Thames determined to drown himself, he might, if he pleased, without any apprehension of danger, have turned aside and first set fire to St. James' Palace.—Boswell's *Johnson*, v. 11, p. 149.—G.

lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favorite companions was Ambrose Phillipps, a good whig and a middling poet, who had the honor of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called after his name, *Namby-Pamby*. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honor; in practice, he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn,[8]—tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introducing him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned

8 *Steele.* "Not unmingled with scorn"—a strong expression, and which should have been supported by something better than conjecture. The story of Steele's arrest stands, as Macaulay says, on the best evidence, but the picture in the text is too much of a fancy piece to be admitted as history.—G.

hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example, which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's "Amelia," is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewellery, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence, can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this:—A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of "Bayle's Dictionary" and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and grateful little poem in praise of the opera of "Rosamond." He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other; and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708, Wharton became lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison chief secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quiting London for Dublin. Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but whiggism. The lord-lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguish-

ed from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the secretary's gentleness and delicacy Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English house; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his "single speech," sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709, Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love-casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request it is said, of Addison; and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary news-writer. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him

the scheme of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and though his wit and humor were of no higher order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines, which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the almanac-maker. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and, in April, 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the "Tatler." [9]

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme; but as soon as he heard of it he determined to give it his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "The paper," he says elsewhere, "was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it."

It is possible that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Chan-

[9] *The Tatler.* Wycherley writing to Pope about the success of his Miscellanies, mentions the Tatler as "a whimsical new newspaper which I suppose you have seen."—WYCH. to Pope, *11th May*, 1709.—G.

nel his first contributions to the Tatler, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures; and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold. The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner.

As a moral satirist, he stands unrivalled. If ever the best Tatlers and Spectators were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the "Spectators" as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in "Hudibras." The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet—a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find any thing more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakspeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humor, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is

to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirist. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed in merriment, while the dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination-service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works, which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though many have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the World, in the Connoisseur, in the Mirror, in the Lounger, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his Tatlers and Spectators. Most of these papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment.

Severity gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jennings oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison;—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement—in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the Tatler appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy—between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of

Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the sure mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salu tary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the Tatler, his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first his superiority to his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later Tatlers are fully equal to any thing that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The proceedings of the Court of Honor, the Thermometer of Zeal, the story of the Frozen Words, the Memoirs of the Shilling, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper, of the same class, but though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November, 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The Tatler was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connection with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost every thing good in the Tatler was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best, that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The queen had always disliked the whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war, on the event of which her own crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the low church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than those which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns

were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid that they were no longer necessary. The queen's throne was secure from all attacks on the part of Louis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli, than that a marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's. The queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The tories exulted over his fall. The whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the whigs during another month; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The ministers were turned out. The tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favor of the high church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole pack set up for prey and for blood, appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subject. They retired leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory. And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies; or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of

the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady; and that, while his political friends were all-powerful, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison, the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison, the chief secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded, that while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing tory members on whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift, who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the whigs, wrote to Stella in these words:—"The tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused."

The good-will with which the tories regarded Addison is the more honorable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political journal, entitled the "Whig Examiner." Of that journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. "He might well rejoice," says Johnson, "at the death of that which he could not have killed." "On no occasion," he adds, "was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and in none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favor with which he was regarded by the tories, was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the whig party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit; with what success we have not ascertained. Steele held two places. He was gazetteer and

he was also a commissioner of stamps. The gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the stamp-office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of news, which had once formed about one-third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele, therefore, resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the 2d of January, 1711, appeared the last Tatler. On the 1st of March following appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city;—has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons' at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury-lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet, and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and

eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time, no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing bird's nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the abbey, is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the "Distressed Mother" is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a Jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot, yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his first essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh glass of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an eastern apologue as richly colored

as the Tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on the fashionable follies—on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture, however, to say, that any persons who wish to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers:—the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the Spectator are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the Spectator were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded; and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the Æneid and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chace.

It is not strange that the success of the Spectator should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp-tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of journals. The Spectator, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the Spectator served up every morning with the bohea and rolls, was a luxury for the few; the majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shop-

keeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country-seat did not contain ten books—receipt-books, and books on farriery included. Under these circumstances, the sale of the Spectator must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712, the Spectator ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the "Guardian" was published. But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dulness and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible even for him to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his Cato on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric; and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the tories, between Sempronius and the apostate whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury-lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty

guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the peers in opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the inns of court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city;—warm men and true whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garrowy's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest,—professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies—to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit-Cat was re-echoed by the high churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the ministry, held similar language. The tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play; and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favorite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, and in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, Cato was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury Lane company went down to act at Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with Athalie, Zaire, or Saul, but, we think, not below Cinna; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that Cato did as much as the Tatlers, Spectators, and Freeholders united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party spirit. It was by a zealous whig that the fiercest attack on the whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published Remarks on Cato, which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. But Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies: he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper

naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favor there was one distinguished by talents above the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the "Rape of the Lock," had recently been published. Of his genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had clearly discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the Spectator, the Essay on Criticism had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of such an excellent poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces, and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the Remarks on Cato, gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis." But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm. He could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis. But of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on Atticus, or that on Sporus, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled—to borrow Horace's imagery and his own—a wolf which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The Narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced in a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. "There is," he cries, "no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all." "Pray, good sir, be not angry," said the old woman; "I'll fetch change." This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal

and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the "Narrative," that he disapproved of it, and that, if he answered the "Remarks," he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September, 1713, the Guardian ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place; he had been chosen member for Stockbridge, and fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the Tatler and Spectator had turned his head. He had been the editor of both those papers; and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. "I am in a thousand troubles," Addison wrote, "about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular will have no weight with him."

Steele set up a political paper called "The Englishman," which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The whigs stood by him gallantly; but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the Spectator. In June, 1714, the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months, three papers were pub-

lished weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Englishman and the eighth volume of the Spectator—between Steele without Addison, and Addison without Steele. The "Englishman" is forgotten; the eighth volume of the Spectator contains, perhaps, the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A council, in which the leading whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new king should arrive. The first act of the lords justices was to appoint Addison their secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the king, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the lords justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence; and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Every body who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced, must be convinced that if well-turned phrases had been wanted he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks, who remembered the times when William was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the council of regency to the king ought to be drawn. We think it very likely that the ablest statesmen of our time, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention, and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper

must be signed by the chief of the department, another by his deputy. To a third the royal sign-manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink and another in red ink. If the ablest secretary for Ireland were moved to the Indian board, if the ablest president of the India board were moved to the War-Office, he would require instruction on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, secretary to the lords justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new parliament favorable to the whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as chief secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided, and there was much speculation about the way in which the dean and the secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favorable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, in deed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very differen men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the state they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the church on the author of the Tale of a Tub, they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him; thought himself an ill-used man; sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge; joined the tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the queen and the heads of the church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastica.

dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not, indeed, a quarrel but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad.

> Εγχεα δ' αλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δί ἁμίλαν·
> Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρεῶς κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
> Κτείνειν, ὃν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχείω,
> Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ, ἐναίρεμεν, ὃν κε δύνηαι.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift,[10] to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the house of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the Strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the dean of St. Patrick's. But he answered with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly-wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison, whose political opinions agreed with his, shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He

10 *But it is remarkable that Swift* (p. 162). Would it not have been fair to have deduced from this circumstance something rather more favorable to Swift? But in this too Mr Macaulay is singularly unjust. When he speaks of Swift in 1708 and Swift in 1738, he neglects to add that during at least twenty of those thirty years Swift had been suffering from the gradual inroads of that disease which at last reduced him to idiocy. There can be no greater injustice than to compare the temper of a sick man with that of a man in sound health.—G.

procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Phillipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness, that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted. He had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favor from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the Rebellion was still raging in Scotland, Addison published the first number of a paper called the "Freeholder." Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers; and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibit stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honor to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candor and humanity of a political writer, whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of toryism. The High street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the university, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His fox-hunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the king. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion and

tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the Town Talk, which is now as utterly forgotten as his Englishman as his Crisis, as his letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, as his Reader—in short, as every thing that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the Drummer was acted, and in which the first numbers of the Freeholder appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the Rape of the Lock, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel; and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared[11] that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk a small competence in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of being actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is, that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect, except the instance of the Rape of the Lock. Tasso recast his Jerusalem. Akenside recast his Pleasures of the Imagi-

11 *Pope afterwards declared*—Where? This story is taken from Warburton, and not from Pope. Whenever Mr. Macaulay speaks of Pope it would be well to compare his opinions and statements with Roscoe. If Pope was such a man as M. makes him, he was the greatest monster of perfidy and meanness that ever existed, and not only his works, but his conduct towards his parents and his friends through the whole of a life embittered by constant bodily suffering, becomes perfectly unintelligible.—G.

nation, and his Epistle to Curio. Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodelled the Rape of the Lock, made the same experiment on the Dunciad. All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of Waverley. Herder adjured Goethe not to take so unpromising a subject as Faust. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the history of Charles V. Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that Cato would never succeed on the stage; and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the Iliad, he met Addison at a coffee-house. Phillipps and Budgell were there. But their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he had for some time wished to explain. "Tickell," he said, "translated some time ago the first book of the Iliad. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot, therefore, ask to see yours; for that would be double-dealing." Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared he should not go on with the Iliad. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the Odyssey, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the Iliad, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the Midsummer Night's Dream. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his

own, Peter Quince exclaims, "Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated." In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed."

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had sprung up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competence, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it; and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a fellow of a college at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the Iliad; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there any thing in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently—nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honor and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of Comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good-nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us high-

ly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a ten fold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison:—

"Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend,
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more."

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the editor of the Satirist would hardly dare to propose to the editor of the Age?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, to save himself from the consequence of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem—a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that

from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which every body knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of "damning with faint praise," appears from innumerable passages in his writings; and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as "so obliging that he ne'er obliged."

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly, we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached, is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe,

acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind—spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr. Joseph Surface—a feeble, sickly licentiousness—an odious love of filthy and noisome images—these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the Spectator could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the state. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said, that "through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort." "Consider," he exclaimed, "the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages." It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the Freeholder a warm encomium on the translation of the Iliad; and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of the talebearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The countess-dowager, a daughter of the old and honorable family of the Myddletons of Chirk, a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwyn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George I., milkmaids and sportsmen wandered, between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbors, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogs-

heads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake, and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas; a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross the St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighboring squires, the poetical fox-hunter, William Somerville. In August, 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the countess-dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House—a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait now hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression, we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The whig government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the cabinet; Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the ministry; and Addison was appointed secretary of state. It is certain that the seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity; to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the cabinet when his strength began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs; a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of £1500 a year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by his biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seemed to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works—a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that till his health failed him he was glad to escape from the countess-dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the house of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, to talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The whig leaders took a very different

view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble; and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favors to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison under-secretary of state; while the editor of the Tatler and Spectator, the author of the Crisis, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the house of Hanover, was, at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury-lane theatre. Steele himself says, in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, "incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;" and every thing seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated bill for limiting the number of peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in Parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the prime minister.

We are satisfied that the bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honorable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigor of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the house of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last ministry; and even the tories admitted that her majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was, that three independent powers, the monarchy, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute con-

trol of the crown and the commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain

Steele took part with the opposition; Addison with the ministers. Steele, in a paper called the "Plebeian," vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the "Old Whig," he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us, that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound; that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill; and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the Old Whig is by no means one of his happiest performances.

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity; but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the Biographia Britannica, that Addison designated Steele as "little Dicky." This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the Old Whig, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the Old Whig, and for whom, therefore, there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words "little Dicky" occur in the Old Whig, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words "little Isaac" occur in the Duenna, and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words "little Dicky" to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was evidently the nickname of some comic actor who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's Spanish Friar.

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, as we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But

at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell; and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's Spectator. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his death-bed, called himself to a strict account; and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed—for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a

Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torch-light, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months—and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison. But one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature; and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish grandees, Italian prelates, marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of

Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add, that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective: nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

[Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, was denominated by Gibbon, who has left a careful examination of his commentary on Horace's epistles, "one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement." He was born at Congreve, Staffordshire, January, 13, 1721, and died May, 1808. He studied at Cambridge, rose through the various degrees of preferment, from fellow to bishop; was preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Duke of York; attracted attention by several critical and theological works; a defence of religion against Hume, and his friendship with Warburton—of whom he was both biographer and editor. His edition of Addison was published in 6 vols. 8vo.

The notes are chiefly confined to verbal criticism, and the following notice and extracts are the only preface.—G.]

Mr. Addison is generally allowed to be the most correct and elegant of all our writers; yet some inaccuracies of style have escaped him, which it is the chief design of the following notes to point out. A work of this sort, well executed, would be of use to foreigners who study our language; and even to such of our countrymen, as wish to write it in perfect purity.

R. WORCESTER.

Extract from a Letter of BISHOP WARBURTON, *to* DR. HURD.

"GLOUCESTER, Sept. 10, 1770.

—"Your *grammatical* pleasures, which you enjoy in studying the most correct of our great writers, Mr. Addison, can not be greater than the *political* ones I taste, in reading, over again, the most *incorrect* of all good writers (though not from his incorrectness, which is stupendous) Lord Clarendon, in the late published *continuation* of his History.

"I charge you bring your Addison to town. Nothing is minutiæ to me which you *write* or *think*."

See "*Letters from a late eminent Prelate*," &c.—*Letter* 227. 4to. 1808.

And in Letter 228, *in the same collection, October* 16, 1770, *the* BISHOP *says*—

—"Your reflections on Lord Clarendon are the truth itself. The History of his Life and Administration I have just finished. Every thing is admirable in it but the style: in which your favourite and amiable author [Mr. Addison] has infinitely the advantage. Bring him with you to town. There, I own, your late amusements have the advantage of mine. It was an advantage I envied you;"—

Extract of a Letter from DR. HURD *to the* REVEREND MR. MASON, *Residentiary of Yorke.*

"THURCASTON, Oct. 26, 1770.

—"You will ask what I have done in this long leisure. Not much indeed, to any purpose. My lecture has slept: But I found an amusement in turning over the works of Mr. Addison. I set out, many years ago, with a warm admiration of this amiable writer. I then took a surfeit of his natural, easy manner; and was taken, like my betters, with the raptures and high flights of Shakespeare. My maturer judgment, or lenient age (call it which you will), has now led me back to the favourite of my youth. And, here, I think, I shall stick: for such useful sense, in so charming words, I find not elsewhere. His taste is so pure, and his *Virgilian prose* (as Dr. Young styles it) so exquisite, that I have but now found out, at the close of a critical life, the full value of his writings."—

Inscription to Mr. Addison, written in 1805.

EXIMIO VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON:
GRATIA, FAMA, FORTUNA COMMENDATO;
HUMANIORIBUS LITERIS UNICE INSTRUCTO;
HAUD IGNOBILI POETÆ;
IN ORATIONE SOLUTA CONTEXENDA
SUMMO ARTIFICI;
CENSORI MORUM
GRAVI SANE, SED ET PERJUCUNDO,
LEVIORIBUS IN ARGUMENTIS
SUBRIDENTI SUAVITER,
RES ETIAM SERIAS
LEPORE QUODAM SUO CONTINGENTI;
PIETATIS, PORRO, SINCERÆ,
HOC EST, CHRISTIANÆ,
FIDE, VITA, SCRIPTIS
STUDIOSISSIMO CULTORI:
EXIMIO, PROINDE, VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON,
HOC MONUMENTUM SACRUM ESTO.

R. W 1805, *Sept.* 5.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.,

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.*

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publickly bequeathe them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so

* This dedication and preface belong to the original edition of Addison's works by Tickell.—G.

early may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate Friend,

And faithful obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

JUNE 4, 1713

TICKELLS PREFACE.

Joseph Addison, the son of Lancelot Addison, D. D., and of Jane, the daughter of Nathaniel Gulston, D. D., and sister of Dr. William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol, was born at Milston, near Ambrosebury, in the county of Wilts, in the year 1671.[1] His father, who was of the county of Westmoreland, and educated at Queen's College in Oxford, passed many years in his travels through Europe and Africa, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which several books published by him are ample testimonies. He was rector of Milston above-mentioned, when Mr. Addison, his eldest son was born; and afterwards became Archdeacon of Coventry, and Dean of Litchfield.

Mr. Addison received his first education at the Chartreux, from whence he was removed very early to Queen's College in Oxford. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. Lancaster, then Dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into Magdalen College. He employed his first years in the study of the old Greek and Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a

[1] A singular mistake. The real date is May 1st, 1672.

mind, that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those, who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his Latin compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the best authors since the Augustan age, in the two Universities, and the greatest part of Europe, before he was talked of as a poet in town. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases; and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought, and chastity of style. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he showed Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy Boileau, whose dispute with Perrault turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country that possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree.

The first English performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. Dryden, with a view particularly to his

translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which Mr. Dryden makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all Virgil's works; wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. Addison, for giving him the Essay upon the Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the miscellanies, while he was young, the largest is An Account of the greatest English Poets; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The poem upon one of King William's campaigns, addressed to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a

message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value, nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. Addison answered the expectations of my Lord Somers, cannot appear better, than from the book of Travels he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in Italy, reflections upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landscapes drawn by classic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering, how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are, indeed, but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old Roman poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The Tyber and the Po serve to explain the verses, that were made upon their banks; and the Alps and Appennines

are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense: a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not misspent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that the price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The Letter from Italy to my Lord Halifax may be considered as the text upon which the book of Travels is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signor Salvini, professor of the Greek tongue at Florence, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this poem.

The materials for the Dialogues upon Medals, now first printed from a manuscript of the author, were collected in the native country of those coins. The book itself was begun to be cast into form at Vienna, as appears from a letter to Mr. Stepney, then minister at that court, dated in November, 1702.

Sometime before the date of this letter, Mr. Addison had designed to return to England, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from his Majesty. But an account of the death of King William, which he met with at Geneva put an end to that thought; and

as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to England, without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery, and furnished Mr. Addison with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called The Campaign. The Lord Treasurer Godolphin, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved the poem, by bestowing on the author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. Locke to the council of trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under Secretary, which he held under Sir Charles Hedges, and the present Earl of Sunderland. The Opera of Rosamond was written while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the music, which, as the Italian taste at that time begun wholly to prevail,was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an Englishman; the poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called The Tender Husband appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. Addison.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary

under the late Marquis of Wharton, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life which do not regard him as an author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of the Keeper of the Records in Ireland was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of The Tatler, by an observation upon Virgil, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which, however, was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed these celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers, Mr. Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the Spectators and Guardians, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the Tatlers should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those Tatlers which are inserted in this edition.

and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the Spectator, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far outwent the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the Spectator, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon Wit, the Pleasures of the Imagination, the Critique upon Milton, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of Cato appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He

took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, till his friends of the first quality and distinction, prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her; but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy soon spread through Europe, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The translation of it into Italian, by Signor Salvini, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn whether that of Signor Valetta, a young Neapolitan nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of Socrates would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to shew, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures, to which the romantic taste has confined modern tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the drama 'to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the orna-

ment of our nature; to soften insolence, to sooth affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence.'[a]

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in Great Britain, the Earl of Sunderland being constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Addison became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, a little after his lordship resigned the post of Lord Lieutenant.

The paper called the Freeholder, was undertaken at the time when the rebellion broke out in Scotland.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the Dialogues upon Medals, and the Treatise upon the Christian Religion. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the Latin quotations were rendered into English, in a very hasty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the goodnature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The scheme for the Treatise upon the Christian Religion was formed by the author about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employment in business prevented him from executing it, till he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the Jewish to the heathenish testimonies, for the truth of the Chris-

[a] Spectator, No. 39.

tian history. He was more assiduous than his health would well allow in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg his Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of June, 1719. He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. Craggs (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be, perhaps, as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern with which Mr. Addison left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed

as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. Addison.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the author, than to see the person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. Addison, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names, probably, will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ETC.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh, judge, my bosom, by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire!
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd!
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd.
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine;
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly;
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the Dragon fell?

Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or do'st thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me),
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there:
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?

How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the gloom beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THOMAS TICKELL.

TRANSLATIONS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[Of Addison's translations Johnson says:—"His translations, so far as I have compared them, want the exactness of a scholar. That he understood his authors cannot be doubted: but his verses will not teach others to understand them, being too licentiously paraphrastical. They are, however, for the most part, smooth and easy; and what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the original." The same critic also remarks:—"In his Georgick he admits broken lines." Dryden's compliment has been accused of insincerity. After speaking of two poets who had put him to great labor by their superior merit—"The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving."

These translations were made at Oxford, and published in Tonson's Miscellanies. A letter of Addison to Tonson without the date of the year, gives us the origin of the translations from Ovid. "Your discussion with me about translating Ovid, made such an impression on me at my first coming down from London, that I ventured on the second book, which I turned at my leisure hours, and will give you a sight of it if you will give yourself the trouble of reading it."—G.]

A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGICK,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,*
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme, provokes my humble lays.
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:

* *Etherial sweets.* The following version, though it be exact enough, for the most part, and not inelegant, gives us but a faint idea of the original. It has the grace, but not the energy, of Virgil's manner. The late Translator of the Georgics* has succeeded much better. The versification (except only the bad rhymes) may be excused; for the frequent triplets and alexandrines (which Dryden's laziness, by the favour of his exuberant genius, had introduced) were esteemed, when this translation was made, not blemishes, but beauties.

* Mr. Neville.

Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores;
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or bird-lime, hang in stringy ropes.

They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves most thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out streams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd———
When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees thro' woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r and lightly skim
The chrystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,

The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth, in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:

The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were I not giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
With what a cheerful green does parsley grace.
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass.

Nor wou'd I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furnish'd out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,[a]
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,

Roses *blow.* Not usual or exact to use the word *blow* actively. Yet Milton speaks of *banks that blow flowers,* (Mask at Ludlow Castle, page 993.) And, indeed, it is not easy to say, how far this licentious construction, if sparingly used, *si sumpta pudentèr,* may be allowed, especially in the higher poetry. The reason is, that it takes the expression out of the tameness of prose, and pleases by its novelty, more than it disgusts by its irregularity: and whatever pleases in this degree, is poetical.

As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elm and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these, for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the publick care;
In well-disposed societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabrick on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;

Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive,
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busie swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows' spoils
On lavender, and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again, when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And least their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But, of all customs that the bees can boast,
Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lye

Grov'ling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.
No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
Some, from such instances as these have taught
"The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heaven;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
When-e'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,

Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoak amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once, when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once, when hast'ning from the watry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aking pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And eat their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;

The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold:
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime.
To these dry'd roses, thyme and centry join,
And raisins, ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With streighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind:
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide,
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;

Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens, as it works: And now are see
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd
And sat my Tityrus beneath his shade.

MILTON'S STILE IMITATED,[1a]

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,

[1 These imitations of celebrated authors were favourite exercises with Pope, who was much more successful in them than his great rival. Hurd's "very imperfectly," is unquestionably just; but his "stiffness and rigour" of Milton's style will probably be classed with his estimate of Shakspeare ir the first note on Cato.—G.]

[a] *Milton's stile imitated.* Very imperfectly. What we find, is the stiffness and rigour of *Milton's stile*, somewhat eased and suppled by the grace of Mr. Addison's, but without the numbers or the force of that great poet

Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heav'n's eternal fires,
By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore.
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy
And laid the labours of the gods in dust;

For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wild and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth

As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantick brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore

He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice: he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect waving in the clouds

HORACE.

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of the Roman Empire, having closeted several Senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion:—

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,[a]
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

[a] *Crack.* Plainly used here for the sake of the rhyme; for the poet knew very well that the word was *low* and *vulgar.* To ennoble it a little he adds the epithet "*mighty,*" which yet, has only the effect to make it even *ridiculous.*

[This unfortunate line has been not unworthily recorded in the "Art of Sinking in Poetry."—G.]

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes:
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal strains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd,
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sink her to the dust.

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoined.
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curst detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings;
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrous exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse; *
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty and lose their sound.

* *Rehearse.* A word Mr. Addison is very fond of, because it afforded a rhyme for verse: but it disgraces an ode, and should, indeed, be banished from *all* poetry.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.[a]

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought;
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the Sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

[a] Mr. Addison appears to have been much taken with the native graces of Ovid's poetry. The following translations are highly finished and even laboured (if I may so speak) into an ease, which resembles very much, and almost equals, that of his author.

On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on:
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true: a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth transported, asks, without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son," says he, "some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung;
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, O! in time recal your rash desire;
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look, you'd read the father there.

Chuse o it a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask;
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton:
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shined amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thy self provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballass'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumbered with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is toss'd
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.
What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright.
Nor wou'd he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke; cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodopè, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:

Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast
Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost,
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber of his promis'd empire vain

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The sea shrinks in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat;)
"If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
See my singed hair, behold my faded eye,
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!

And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
If I nor he your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
The heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.
Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour nature, e'er it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And even the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Strait he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand

In dreadful thund'rings. Thus the almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
"Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,

A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn,)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves,
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.

What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasures show,
Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;

From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne
A long ungrateful toil without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats

Prevail'd upon, at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit strait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well-pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e'er she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loitered in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flushed, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;

Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:"
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground,
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:

Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both revered among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
'What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.

You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape,
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white

The story of his change shall here be told
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:
"Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest of twining osiers made.
The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,

And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
"But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heaven the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:

My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimene, the owl, enjoys my place.

"On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth; the colour left his look;
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook.
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
"Ah cruel god! tho' I have justly dy'd,

What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.

Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality;
When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of Fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?

My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-STONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They called him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourit: mares, and watch the generous breed.

The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee"
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
"And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe, Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity,
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung.
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimmed pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
And as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies.
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.

A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heav'n: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along in a black whirlwind borne,

O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste.
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she entered, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy, (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had pass'd:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd, in softest words, th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever!" cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien,
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.

Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas,
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore:

Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime:
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around,
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tired at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give.
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls and build thy town,
And from thy guide, Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated w th poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;

Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares
To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date,
But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast:
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil:
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, 'till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound,
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;

Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile blest;
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;

And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone,
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd

The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell if thou canst the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man began to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?

Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman, grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.

But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,

(And none can sure a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant, she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove
And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
"'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest, well-designing maid,
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."

Th' unwary nymph, insnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
"Fear not," reply'd the god, "that I'll refuse
Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms,
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame."
The god surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain,
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second-rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,

Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But, after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turned of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd.

Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,[a]
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,

When nothing could Narcissus move. One would think, from the expression, that the means taken by Echo *to move Narcissus*, had been

Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,[a]
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.

specified; and so they are in the original. The truth is, fourteen lines are here omitted, not without good reason; but the inartificial connection betrays the omission.

[a] *Pleased with the form and coolness of the place.* Easier, and better than the original—"*faciemque loci, fontemque secutus.*" Yet, without losing the Ovidian turn of expression.

For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd.
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
'You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?

I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there.
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.
"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.

How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
"Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun;
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewel," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, "Farewel."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.

Then, then, remember what I now fortel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the promis'd threats fulfil.
For now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
"What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells, those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
But now a leardless victor sacks the town;

Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane,
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands while thus he spoke:
"Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew:
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

"From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
His whole estate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
His art was all his livelihood; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
There swims," said he, "thy whole inheritance.

"Long did I live on this poor legacy;
Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Tăygete, and the shining bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

"Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes

"I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
'I know not who,' said I, 'this god should be;
But that he is a god I plainly see:
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd; and, oh! befriend our course!
'Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cry'd,
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the rope with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest.
'Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp'd a cord.
"His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus, (for 'twas he) began to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
'What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
'Fear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'To Naxos then direct your course,' said he;
'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.'

By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way.
'Then let some other to my post succeed,'
Said I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
'What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about and sought another shore.

"The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'

"In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plow the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain.

Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
"The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard; first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
'Ah! what,' cries one, 'has thus transform'd thy look
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,

Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail
O'er our just fury by a far-fetched tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire
And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than befor
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast.
And cries, " The boar that lays our country waste

The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cry'd, "shall be Agave's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.[a]

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naiads nurst an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd.
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.

[a] Mr. Addison was very young when he made these translations. Still, one a little wonders how his virgin muse, "*nescia quid sit amor*" (as Ovid says of Hermaphroditus) could be drawn in to attempt this subject:—but the charms of the poetry prevailed. He very properly omits, or softens, the most obnoxious passages of his original; and, after all, seems half-ashamed of what he had done, as we may conclude from his writing no notes on this story, which, being told in Ovid's best manner, must have suggested to him many fine ones.

A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry
"Fy Salmacis, what always idle! fy,
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er wou'd seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
But, oh, how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became:

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms
Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;

As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naïad cries
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatcht on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwined,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

You parent-gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, PAGE 49.

THE story of Phaëton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is, indeed, the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book.

> Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
> Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
> Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

> ———Cæli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque
> Fumat uterque polus.————

Fumat uterque polus——comes up to *correptaque regia cæli*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving such intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 49. l. 7.—*For in the portal*, &c. We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

> ————Balænarumque prementem
> Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——————Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a *group*.

——————Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 50. l. 32.—*And flung the blaze*, &c. It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had lain[a] aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, tho' he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true chararacter of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run

[a] *Had lain aside.* He uses *lain* for *laid* very improperly, here, and elsewhere, on the idea, I suppose, that the verb *lay* has two perfect participles; just as the verb *load* has *loaded* and *loaden*.—But the *fact* is otherwise; and the reason is not far to seek. The double *d* in the regular participle "*loaded*," having an ill sound, the ear gradually introduced *loaden*, which our nicer writers, and amongst the rest, our author, prefers to *loaded*, though the last is not entirely disused. There was not the same reason for changing *laid* to *lain*; and the use has never prevailed: if it had, "*had lain aside*" is, by accident, better than "*had laid aside*;" and that meliority of sound induced, no doubt, our delicate writer, who was all *ear*, to prefer "*lain*," in this place, to *laid*, without reflecting that the established practice was, for good reason, against him.—"*Lain*" is, properly, the perfect participle of *lye—laid*, of *lay*.

down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

> Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
> Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
> Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
> Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
> Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shown us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is

he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall, therefore, only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to show him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence, to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 51. l. 13. *My son, says he*, &c. Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

> Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri,
> Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
> Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
> Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia cancrum.

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

> ——————Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
> Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
> Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?
>
> Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
> Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere poscis.

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the

way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

> ———Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus
> Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
> Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 53. l. 13.—*A golden axle*, &c. Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of *aureus*, and the transition to *argenteus*, in the description of the chariot, gives these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

> Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
> Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 54. l. 7.—*Drive 'em not on directly*, &c. Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaëton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

> Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
> Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
> Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton,

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

Ibid. l. 23.—*And not my chariot*, &c. Ovid's verse is *Consiliis non curribus utere nostris.* This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in

a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaëton —*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*animâ expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 55. l. 17.—*The youth was in a maze*, &c. It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaëton is; but the *antithesis* of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.*

Ibid. l. 20.—*Then the seven stars*, &c. I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaëton had made in the world.

P. 57. l. 12.—*Athos and Tmolus*, &c. Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 58. l. 5.—*'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor*, &c. This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaëton turned into some creature or other that hates

the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

Ibid. l. 26.—*The frighted Nile*, &c. Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story His verses on the Nile—

> Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
> Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
> Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

> Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ,

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

> ——————— Quos altum texerat æquor
> Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent;

but to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

> ——— Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

> ——————— Nec se super æquora curvi
> Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 59. l. 17.—*The earth at length*, &c. We have here a speech of the earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest *prosopopœia* of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA S RAPE, PAGE 82.

P. 83. l. 17.—*The dignity of empire*, &c. This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

> Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
> Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.,

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

P. 84. l. 25.—*The frighted nymph looks*, &c. This consternation and behaviour of Europa

> ———— Elusam designat imagine tauri
> Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.
> Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
> Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri
> Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, PAGE 85.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat 'em rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid, indeed, shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more

sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 87. l. 12.—*Spire above spire*, &c. Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

> ——————Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
> Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
> Occupat:——————

P. 87. l. 19.—*In vain the Tyrians*, &c. The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

——————— Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line? *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

P. 90. l. 4.—*And flings the future*, &c. The description of men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 9.—*The breathing harvest*, &c. *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty of these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as, indeed, the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded

image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal, with water in the midst of it, for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal: and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and what is the same, though much finer expressed,—*Frondescit virga metallo.* This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum,* Æn. 8, where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being

engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—*Rupit cœlestia crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's Poem to the King; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

> His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
> And *run* for ever *purple* in the looms.

FAB. II.

P. 91. l. 1.—*Here Cadmus reign'd.* This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is a pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

> ——————Ut abesse queruntur,
> Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
> Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
> Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

P. 94. l. 5.—*A generous pack*, &c. I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, *quosque referre mora est*—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks but have made them

more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 95. l. 19.—*How Semele*, &c. This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

> Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
> Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhæa,
> Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
>
> Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
> Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ
> Tela Secunda vocant superi.————

P. 96. l. 20.—"'*Tis well*,' *says she*, &c. Virgil has made a Be[illegible] of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we com

pare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 100. l. 27.—*She can't begin*, &c. If playing on words* be excusable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or

* *If playing on words.* The translator would insinuate, that he omitted the *courtship of Echo*, in this place, because it was a *play on words*; but he had another, and better reason, which shews, at once, the decency of the *poet*, and the unaffected virtue of the *man*; who, not to make a merit of his *moral* scruples, pretends only a *critical*. For, that this last was nothing more than a *pretence*, appears from the following story of Narcissus; where Echo is, again, introduced by Ovid *playing on words*, but so inoffensively that our critical translator condescends to *play* with her.

Ah youth! beloved in vain, Narcissus cries;
Ah youth! beloved in vain, the nymph replies
Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, *farewel*.

whole words, as puns, echos, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on a word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he

lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
————Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos————
Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 101. l. 25.—*But whilst within*, &c. *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienced being, just created and therefore might

easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, and was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 102. l. 29.—"*You trees,*" *says he,* &c. Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgment to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subitò excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*Inopem me copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

> O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
> Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 106. l. 9.—*When Pentheus thus.* There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

> Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati.
> Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
> Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
> Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
> Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
> Et patrium revocate Decus.————

FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good similies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

[To Mr. Dryden:—These lines, of which Johnson says, "in his twenty-second year he first shewed his power of English poetry by some verses addressed to Dryden," hardly deserve the careful examination which Hurd has bestowed upon them. They were probably called forth by the publication of Tonson's Third Miscellany, which contained of Dryden's, beside a few songs, the first book of the Metamorphoses, with part of the ninth and sixteenth. Dryden, whom his politics and change of religion had driven, in his old age, to earn his bread by translating, was gratified by the applause of a promising scholar from the University of which he had written—

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother University:
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age;"

and an intercourse began, which if Macaulay's conjecture be true, had a decisive influence upon Addison's fortunes; for Dryden presented him to Congreve, and Congreve to Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, one of his earliest and most efficient patrons.—G.]

TO MR. DRYDEN.[a]

How long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetick heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought,
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,[b]
And England boasts of riches not her own;

[a] It would not be fair to criticise our author's poetry, especially the poetry of his younger days, very exactly. He was not *a poet born;* or, he had not studied, with sufficient care, the best models of English poetry. Whatever the cause might be, he had not the command of what Dryden so eminently possessed, a truly *poetic diction*. His poetry is only pure prose, put into verse. And

"Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis."

However, it may not be amiss to point out the principal defects of his *expression*, that his great example may not be pleaded in excuse of them.

[b] *Thou makest*, vide after, *Thou teachest*. This way of using verbs of the present and imperfect tense, in the second person singular, should be utterly banished from our poetry. The sound is intolerable. Milton and others have rather chosen to violate grammar itself, than offend the ear thus unmercifully. This liberty may, perhaps, be taken sometimes, in the greater poetry; in odes especially. But the better way will generally be to turn the expression differently: As *'Tis thine to teach*, or in some such way

Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer stile;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satyr, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts [a] th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse,[b] and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.
O mayst thou still the noble task prolong,[d]
Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams,
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.[e]

Mag. Coll. Oxon. June 2, 1693.
The Author's age 21.

[a] *—th' advantage of thy song.* An instance of unpoetical expression.
[b] *Thy charming verse and fair translations.* The epithets too general and prosaic.
[c] *Alexandrines*, as they are called, should never be admitted into this kind of verse. But Dryden's unconfined genius had given a sanction to them.
[d] *O mayst thou still*, &c. See note in the preceding page. It might have stood thus: "*Still may thy muse* the noble task prolong."
[e] *reveal—tell.* Bad rhymes. There are other instances in this short poem; and in general Mr. Addison was a bad rhymist.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. H. S.[1a] APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry,[b] you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,

[1] The Sacheverell to whom these lines were addressed, was, according to one account, a Manxman, who died young, leaving a history of the Isle of Man. He left his papers to Addison, and among them the plan of a tragedy on the death of Socrates. In this case, Johnson's sarcasm is at fault, though it is somewhat strange that with the voucher for this fact among his own papers, he should not have corrected his mistake.—[Vide note to Johnson's Life of Addison.] But as is more generally believed, he was the celebrated Dr. Sacheverell, whose trial excited so much attention; and Addison is said, on the authority of Dr. Young, to have been in love with a sister of his.

This piece was first published in a miscellany, and never reprinted by Addison himself, who probably saw reason, in after years, to change some of his opinions. Johnson says he never printed it. The omission of Shakspeare's name has been often noticed. The finest passage is the lines on Milton.—G.

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[a] Henry Sacheverell, whose story is well known. Yet with all his follies, some respect may seem due to the memory of a man, who had merit in his youth, as appears from a paper of verses under his name, in Dryden's Miscellanies; and who lived in the early friendship of Mr. Addison.

[b] The introductory and concluding lines of this poem are a bad imitation of Horace's manner—*Sermoni propiora.* In the rest, the poetry is better than the *criticism*, which is right or wrong, as it chances; being echoed from the common voice.

I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser,[1] next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then[2] (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:

[1] *Old Spenser.* Addison is said to have confessed that when he wrote this judgment, he had never read Spenser. In the Spectator he puts Spenser "in the same class with Milton."—G.

[2] *Great Cowley then.* But if he had not read Spenser, he evidently had read Cowley, whose prose he must have admired, if for nothing else, for its freedom from the faults which are here so justly condemned in his

His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise,
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:*
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton, next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse ingage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,

verse. Parts of his criticism are admirable; but the unfortunate line—"He more had pleased us," has been severely ridiculed.—G.

* Cowley had great merit, but nature had formed him to manage Anacreon's lute, and not Pindar's lyre

Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse arrayed in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critick's nicer laws.[a]
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.[b]
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,[c]
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

[a] I wonder what these laws could be. Nobody understood the critic's *nicest laws*, better than Milton, or observed them with more respect. The observation might be true of Shakspeare; but, by illhap, we do not so much as find his name in this account of English poets.

[b] *A vision so profuse of pleasantness.* A prettily turned line. The expression (originally Milton's, P. L. iv. 248. viii. 286) pleased our poet so much, that we have it again in the letter from Italy—*profuse of bliss*, and elsewhere.

[c] *Serene and bright.* This is a strange description of Milton's language, if he means the language of his prose works. The panegyric seems made at random.

But now my muse a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong,
Thy verse can show [1] ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or, if Maria's charms thou would'st rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana wou'd have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules, whose deep sense, and heav'nly numbers show
The best of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

[1] *Thy verse can show.* Of this and the four next lines, Johnson says,—'What is this but to say, that he who would compliment Cromwell had been the proper poet for King William?"—G.

But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comick sounds or tragick airs [a]
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still [b] preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague [1] remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

[1] *The noble Montague.* It is of Montague that Pope says,- "he was fed with dedications," and Tickell, that he rewarded them all.—*J.*

[a] *Whether in comic sounds or tragick airs.* A writer in fashion, like the stoical wise man, is every thing he has a mind to be. Dryden's comedies are very indifferent, and his tragedies still worse.

[b] *Congreve shall still.* Another poet in fashion: but it is not safe to prophecy of such. All he had of *Dryden's muse* was only his quaint and ill-applied wit.

How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines.
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse [1]
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths [2] I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

[1] *I leave the arts*, &c. These lines have found a place in the twelfth chapter of "The art of sinking in poetry." "Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words. (I take them from my last cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed, once in his life, to have a mind to be simple, &c.)"—G.

[2] *Of greater truths.* Addison, at this time, thought of taking orders.

LINES TO THE KING.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS, LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.[1]

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,[a]
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:

[1] *To the Right Honorable, &c., Sir John Somers:*—Somers, equally eminent as a constitutional lawyer, a statesman, and a patron of letters, was born at Worcester in 1652. He studied at Oxford, soon distinguished himself at the bar, made his first appearance in political life as an opponent of the policy of Charles II., established his legal reputation by his five minutes' plea in defence of the seven bishops, sat for Worcester in the convention of parliament, was one of the managers for the Commons in the conference with the lords on the word *abdicate*, was knighted and made Solicitor-general in 1689, Attorney-general in 1692, Lord Keeper in 1693, and Lord High Chancellor in 1695, and Peer, by the title of Lord Somers, Baron Evesham. After William's death, he retired from public life to letters, which he had always loved, and, in this capacity, was chosen President of the Royal Society. In 1706 he drew up a plan of union for England and Scotland, and was appointed one of the Commissioners for carrying it into effect.

In 1708 he returned to public life as President of the Council, was dismissed in 1710, and died in 1716 of an apoplectic fit, at the age of 64. As a patron of letters, his name is closely associated with that of Addison, like whom he contributed to call attention to the neglected beauties of the Paradise Lost. He translated some of Ovid's epistles, Plutarch's Alcibiades, and wrote several tracts, one of which, called "The judgment of whole kingdoms and nations concerning the rights, powers, and prerogatives of kings, and the rights, privileges, and properties of the people,

[a] This short address to his patron, is polite and proper, but, like the poem, which it introduces, very prosaic.

A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse[a] indites,
Pardon her faults and countenance her flights.

shewing," &c., &c., was reprinted during the discussions which preceded our own revolution, with the following date:—

Newport, Rhode Island: reprinted and sold by Solomon Southwick, in Queen-street, 1774.

Somers left also a large collection of scarce tracts, from which a selection was published, in 14 vols., and in 1809–1812, a new edition, in 12 vols. 4to. edited by Sir Walter Scott.

It is to him that Swift, in a letter to Bolingbroke, attributes "the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman usher;" and Evelyn says of him, in the 3d vol. of his memoirs, "It is certain that this chancellor was a most excellent lawyer, very learned in all polite literature, a superior pen, master of a handsome style, and of easy conversation: but he is said to make too much haste to be rich, as his predecessor, and most in place in this age did, to a more prodigious excess than was ever known."

Addison, who was not yet known to Somers, was invited to wait upon him; and thus his second verses, like the first, opened the way to an important political as well as literary acquaintance.—G.]

[a] *Lesser muse.* *Little* has two comparatives, *less* and *lesser*. Use leaves us at libery to employ *either*. The sound will direct us when to prefer the one to the other. As here, *a lesser muse*, is clearly better than

On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE KING.[1]

When now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field,
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durst not in heroick strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice.

[1] This poem was addressed to William on his return from the campaign of 1695 in Flanders, against the French army under Villeroy. The great event of the campaign was the taking of Namur on the 4th of August.—G.

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a less muse. But, in general, it may be a good rule "to join *less* with a singular noun, and *lesser* with a plural:"—as, when we say, *a less difficulty*, and, *lesser difficulties.* The reason is, that few singular nouns terminate in *s*, and most plural nouns do.

Worser, the second comparative of *bad*, has not the same authority to plead, as *lesser*, and is not, I think, of equal use.—Our grammarians do not enough attend to the influence, which the ear has in modelling a language.

She saw the Boyne[1] run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lye beating on the shore:
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattl'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers wou'd thy toils rehearse!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats,[a] and mid-night cares!
But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,

[1] *She saw the Boyne.* The usual poetic exaggeration. This battle, which on the 11th July, 1690, decided the fate of James II., cost him little more than 1500 men. William was slightly wounded.—G.

[a] He should have said *heats*, as he does say in the Campaign, *The mid-night watches and the noon-day heats.*

Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battels, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyn be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallick labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe[1] shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battels, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.[b]
The race of Nassaus was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,

[1] *And here Seneffe shall wear another name.* Battle of Seneff in Flanders, Aug 11, 1674. The last battle of the great Condé—who fought three divisions of the enemy in succession. The last combat lasted till midnight, and between both armies 25,000 men were killed without a decisive victory on either side. Condé was severely criticized for sacrificing so many men, and the lover of rhetorical artifice will admire the skill with which Bossuet in his celebrated funeral oration, escapes the perilous point of his subject, by connecting his mention of Seneff with a personal anecdote of the Prince and his son.—G.

[b] *The guiltless bullet,* &c. Delicately, and, at the same time, nobly expressed. Our great preacher, Tillotson, was not so happy when he spoke of the king's shoulder as being *kindly kissed* by this bullet.

Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspired by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrors[1] and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do.
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Opprest religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labors of his sword.

[1] *Namure's late terrors*, &c. The town of Namur had been taken by Louis XIV. in person, June, 1692, in eight days, and the citadel in twenty-two. William retook them in 1695—the town after thirty-five days' siege the citadel sixty-eight.—G.

Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroick worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking with blood, and smeer'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty east;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horrour hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallick ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again[1] the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet that perisht on our coast,
Could scarce a larger line of battel boast,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

[1] *Nor dare again.* The battle of la Hogue, 28th May, 1692, one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the French navy. Admiral Tourville, with only 44 ships, attacked the English and Dutch fleet of 85, and fought them till night, without losing a ship or breaking his line. After this spirited answer to an unjust sarcasm of the Minister of War, he retreated, and his fleet, becoming scattered, was blockaded and destroyed in different ports. A literal verification, though hardly a justification, of our Poet's boastful lines.—G.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors rowle,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rase'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battel ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy,[1] for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd;

[1] *Ask Villeroy.* When, a few years after the publication of this piece

With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkley[1] stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming cittadels and falling tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke,
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:

Addison met Boileau, he may have recalled, perhaps, a celebrated ode of the French poet, and particularly the following lines:—

Accourez, Nassau, Bavière,
De ces murs l'unique espoir!
A couvert d'une rivière,
Venez, vous pouvez tout voir.
Considérez ces approches!
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces athlètes belliqueux;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flamme
Louis, à tout donnant l'âme,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

Racine, who, as royal historiographer, was present at the first siege of Namur, has given many interesting details of it in his letters to Boileau. —G.

[1] *Berkley.* Lord Berkley's bombardment of Havre, Dieppe, &c., and his repulse before Brest, would hardly seem to be a fit subject of panegyric for a gentle nature like Addison's. The English endeavored to throw the blame of this mode of warfare upon the French and struck a medal, alluding to the use of bombs as a French invention by the inscription, *Suis perit ignibus auctor;* upon which a philosophic historian justly remarks, "L'exemple du crime ne justifie point celui qui l'imite."—G.

Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strews the Asiatick shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallick towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruine lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;[1]
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse:
High on the deck shou'd the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on ev'ry shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muse?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.

[1] *Here Russel's actions, &c.* Russel commanded at the battle of the Hogue, though he was at the time, like Marlborough and several other leading men, engaged in a secret, and therefore, traitorous correspondence with James.—G.

Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallick policy o'er-throw,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.

But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear
Maria's [1] name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does [a] wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!

[1] *Maria's name.* Queen Mary died Dec. 28, 1694, and perhaps no better proof can be given of William's feelings as a husband, than his answer to Lord Somers, who coming to the king upon business of the highest moment, found him sitting at the end of his closet in an agony of grief—"My lord, do what you will: I can think of no business."—G.

[a] *Does wound.* An unlucky blemish in this, otherwise, pretty passage.—Yet it is a mistake to think that these *feeble expletives, do, does, did,* &c. as Pope calls them, are never to have a place in our verse: the rule is, "they should not be coupled with the verb." The reason is obvious

Come and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallick hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well-pleas'd thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty and enjoy their love.
For as when mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of dead encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turned lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

LETTER FROM ITALY

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Geor. ii.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[Of this poem Addison gives the following account in a letter to E. Montague:—"During my passage over the mountains (the Alps, from Italy to Geneva, Dec. 1701), I made a rhyming epistle to my Lord Halifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with a sight of, if I don't find it to be nonsense upon a review."

Johnson says (Life of Addison, p. 75): "Whatever were his other employments in Italy, he there wrote the letter to Lord Halifax, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions." And again (p. 106): "The letter from Italy has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct, with less appearance of labor, and more elegant, with less ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems."

This poem was translated into Italian by Salvini, and the translation published both by Tickell and Hurd. We have omitted it in this edition. Salvini was an excellent grammarian and worthy representative of the Crusca, but a very feeble poet.

For a sketch of Lord Halifax see Johnson's Lives of the Poets—Halifax.—G.]

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[a] The subject, so inviting to our classical traveller, seems to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expression. Mr. Pope used to speak very favorably of this poem.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,[1]
And from Britannia's publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,[2]
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhime.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects[3] rise,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;[4]
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd[5] to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

[1] This introduction is exceedingly graceful and easy, presenting an equally pleasing picture of the patron and the poet, and the compliment contained in it, is all the more honorable to both, when we remember that the person to whom it was paid, was a minister out of place.—G.

[2] *Me into foreign realms my fate conveys.* Compare the "Traveller"—"*My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,*" but what a difference between Addison, inspired by "the soft season, and inviting clime," and Goldsmith spending his "pensive hour amid Alpine solitudes."—G.

[3] *Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects.* These epithets are tautological. The scene is "gilded" by the sunlight, and the prospect shines from the same cause. They have, too, the disadvantage of excessive vagueness, a serious defect in the opening of a description. But this is the only defective line in this exquisite paragraph.—G.

[4] *And still I seem to tread on classic ground.* "Quacunque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus"—was applied to Athens by Cicero. The expression "classic ground," is supposed by Miss Aikin, I know not on what authority, to have been here used in English for the first time.—G.

How am I pleased. Not a happy line, but amply compensated by the

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray;
The king of floods![1] that rolling o'er the plains
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever[a] by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber[2] I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,

admirable description which follows—in which the attributes are applied with singular felicity, and the verse finely adapted to each. The second line on the Mincio is particularly appropriate by its protracted movement, and the judicious choice of circumstances.—G.

[1] *The king of floods—Fluviorum rex Eridanus.* This expression was suggested to Addison by his recollections of Virgil rather than Petrarch. "Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume."—G.

[2] *Gentle Tiber.* Here the description fails. "Gentle" is not a proper expression for the "saffron" stream, which runs rapidly at all seasons, and in winter violently. "Empty shores" is literally correct, though not very poetical; and both "retire and admire" sound very much as if one had called up the other without any particular warrant from the subject. "Retire" suggests something more nook-like and sequestered than the banks of the Tiber, and "shores" are seldom admired for their emptiness.—G.

[a] *Yet run for ever*, &c. This way of *giving to the copy the properties of*

That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys,
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne,[1] a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv d, in wild Meanders play'd;
'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'e'r the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
And Virgil's Italy shou'd yield to mine!
See how the golden groves[2] around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,

[1] *Such was the Boyne.* The battle of the Boyne was as familiar an expression with the English of those days, as Waterloo in our own. The "immortal verse" here alluded to, was an epistle of Halifax on that subject; once very much admired, but which now, perhaps, is indebted to these very lines for its occasional revival.—G.

[2] *See how the golden groves.* This description is exceedingly happy in thought and expression. "Where western gales eternally reside," is less felicitous, indeed, than Goldsmith's

"Sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land."

But the contrast between the effect of the English and Italian climate is finely drawn. The American reader will observe that *starve* is used in the sense of *perish with cold*—still a common usage in England.

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the original, is not uncommon in the poets: But Mr. Addison had the art to introduce this bold figure, with ease and grace, into his prose; as when he speaks of *refreshment* in a description of fields and meadows—of an historian's *fighting his battles*, and in other instances:—But see what he says himself on this subject on *Messis clypeata virorum*, in his notes on Ovid.

Or, when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry [a]
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.

The closing lines deserve particular attention. *Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise.* This thought has been used with great skill by Tasso:

"Co' fiori eterni, eterno il frutto dura;
E mentre spunta l'un, l'altro matura."
GER. LIB. Cant. 16—st. x.

Milton, whom our author had already studied with close attention, has—

"Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appeared." PAR. LOST.

But the beautiful close—*And the whole year in gay confusion lies*—which gives so perfect a finish to the whole scene, is one of those happy touches which are never learned by imitation. The only passage which can be compared with it, and not lose by the comparison, is the closing couplet in the description of evening sounds in the "Deserted Village:"

"These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made."

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[a] *Descry*, i. e. *I discern, discover, distinctly survey.* We use a less specific verb in conjunction with *lye*, as: "*I see* Rome's beauties *lye* in ruin:" not, I *descry* them *lye*.

An amphitheater's amazing height[1]
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture[2] pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches[3] rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,[a]
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here[4] forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.[5]

[1] *An amphitheatre's*, &c. The Coliseum—

'That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb.'

In his epistle to Mr. Addison, on his Dialogue on Medals, Pope says:—

'Huge theaters that now unpeopled woods,
Now drained a distant country of her floods.'

Even Warton gives the superiority in this case to Addison, whose second line is uncommonly vigorous.—G.

[2] *Here pillars rough with sculpture.* The columns of Antonine and of Trajan.—G.

[3] *Proud triumphal arches.* Yet he must have seen them to much less advantage than the traveller of our own days, for the lower parts of them were still buried.—G.

[4] *Whole rivers here.* The aqueducts.—G.

[5] *And softened into flesh the rugged stone,*—

'And legislators seem to think in stone.'
TEMPLE OF FAME.

Compare also,

'And emperors in Parian marble frown,'

with another line of the same poem—

'Heroes in animated marble frown.'

The Temple of Fame was written in 1711.—G.

[a] *Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd, i. e.* where the death-

In solemn silence, a majestick band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humble su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.
Fain wou'd I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

less acts of the old Romans *being* displayed—a line doubly obscure, and therefore doubly faulty. If the *latter* fault may be excused, the *former* cannot: for when a plural noun is used, in what is called the genitive case, it requires to be preceded by its sign, the preposition *of:* above all, when the termination (as is generally the case of our plural nouns) is in *s*.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain[1]
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile

The poor inhabitant, &c. These three couplets are among the most vigorous lines Addison ever wrote. Si sic omnia—he would have stood as high in verse as he does in prose. It is almost too minute a criticism, perhaps, to say that 'red'ning' is not the proper epithet for the orange, even while it is growing.—G.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,[1]
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,[2]
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

[1] *Others with towering piles*, &c. Virgil, whose magnificent description of Italy in the second Georgic, seems to have been running in Addison's head while he was writing several passages of this poem, is very successfully imitated in these lines. Compare the well-known verses of the sixth Æneid, v. 847: Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera, &c.—G.

[2] *I bridle in my struggling muse*, &c. Of this Johnson says, "To *bridle a goddess* is no very delicate idea; but why must she be *bridled?* because she *longs to launch!* an act which was never hindered by a *bridle;* and whither will she *launch?* into a *nobler strain.* She is in the first line a *horse*, in the second a *boat;* and the care of the poet is to keep his *horse* or his *boat* from *singing.*" Blair takes nearly the same view. "It is surprising how the following inaccuracy should have escaped Mr. Addison in his letter from Italy—'I bridle, &c.' The muse, figured as a horse, may be

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse[1] demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.

bridled; but when we speak of launching, we make it a ship; and by no force of imagination can it be supposed both a horse and a ship at one moment; *bridled* to hinder it from *launching*."—G.

[1] *My humble verse.* Sed ne relictis, musa procax, jocis, &c. To one who travelled with the Latin poets for his guide books, it is more than probable that the closing stanza of the first ode of Horace's 2d book suggested this graceful close.—G.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A Poem;

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——————Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. LIV. HIST. lib. 33.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[THE best authorities very nearly agree in the following account of the origin of this poem:—"The victory at Blenheim" (1704), says Johnson, "spread triumph and confidence over the nation; and Lord Godolphin lamenting to Lord Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet. Halifax told him that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with public money, without any care to find or employ those whose appearance might do honor to their country. To this Godolphin replied, that such abuses should in time be rectified: and that if a man could be found, capable of the task then proposed, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison, but required that the treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton; and Addison having undertaken the work, communicated it to the treasurer, while it was yet advanced no farther than the simile of the angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of *Commissioner of Appeals*."

Of the work itself, Johnson remarks:—"The next composition is the far-famed Campaign, which Dr. Warton has termed a 'Gazette in rhyme,' with harshness not often used by the good nature of his criticism. Before a censure so severe is admitted, let us consider that war is a frequent subject of poetry, and then inquire who has described it with more greatness and force. Many of our own writers tried their powers upon this year of victory; yet Addison's is confessedly the best performance; his poem is the work of a man not blinded by the dust of learning; his images are not borrowed merely from books. The superiority which he confers upon his hero is not personal prowess and 'mighty bone,' but deliberate intrepidity, a calm command of his passions, and the power of consulting his own mind in the midst of danger. The rejection and contempt of fiction is rational and manly."

Macaulay's remarks are an amplification and illustration of the last sentence of Johnson's. "The 'Campaign' came forth and was as much admired by the public as by the minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the 'Epistle to Halifax.' Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the 'Campaign,' we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction." And after a lively passage upon the ridiculous imitation of the Homeric style of combat in descriptions of battles fought on entirely different military principles, he adds:—"Addison, with excellent taste and judgment, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great: energy, sagacity, military science. But above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind, which, in the midst of confusion, uproar and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence."

The "Campaign" of this poem is the campaign of 1704. When this poem was written all the incidents of the campaign of 1704 were as familiar as Quatre Bras and Waterloo. For the modern reader they require an explanation, and I translate the following admirable sketch from a French historian:—

"The Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Villars had quarrelled openly, and the operations were suffering from it. Villars asked to be recalled, and the king, to preserve an ally so important as the elector, sent Marshal Marsin to replace him. Germany was still paralyzed by the victory of Hochstadt (gained by Villars, Sept. 20, 1703). The elector took advantage of it to seize Augsburgh, and march upon Passau, which he took on the 9th Jan., 1704. Vienna was struck with terror; the Hungarian insurgents pushed their bands up to the suburbs; the emperor prepared to flee into Moravia. Eugene, Marlborough and Heinsius resolved to save Austria by the boldest of plans. As the French line of operations extended from Strasburgh to Passau, it seemed easy to cut it in the middle and crush the

elector, whom the coalition had sworn to ruin entirely. The three great generals of the allies united to put this plan in execution. Louis of Baden resumed the offensive in Franconia. Eugene collected the remnants of the defeat of Spire, and undertook the defence of the lines of Stolhofen. Marlborough, who had Villeroy and Boufflers before him, left in a camp near Maestricht twenty-five thousand Dutch troops, to hold them in check, and marched, with twenty thousand men, towards the Danube. First he moved as if he were going to march upon the Moselle, then turning rapidly towards the Rhine, crossed it at Cologne, formed a junction before Mayence with the contingents of the Palatinate and Brandenburgh, and passed the Neckar at Heilbronn. (Here he met Eugene.) At the news of this march, Villeroy set out with thirty thousand men in pursuit of the English general. Tallard advanced upon the Moselle, then fell back upon the Lauten, joined Villeroy, and prepared to attack Stolhofen, in order to relieve the elector. But the elector, instead of turning upon Louis of Baden, and crushing him, directed his march towards the left bank of the Danube, and fortified Donauwerth on the Schellenberg, where he awaited the arrival of Tallard. Marlborough and Louis of Baden were thus left free to form a junction at Ulm (July 2), then marched directly to the Schellenberg, carried the position of Donauwerth, and drove back the Bavarians to the right bank of the Danube. This bloody combat, in which the Bavarians lost eight thousand men, and the allies six thousand, freed the passage of the Lech, and laid open Bavaria, which was ravaged as fearfully as the Palatinate had been a few years before. The vanquished army fortified themselves at Augsburgh, where they waited the arrival of Tallard, in order to resume the offensive. Tallard, by order of the court, advanced rapidly with thirty-five thousand men, from the lines of Lautenburgh, leaving Villeroy to hold Eugene in check at Stolhofen, passed the Rhine at Huningen, crossed the defiles of the Black Forest, and reached Augsburgh the 3d of August, forming with the troops of the elector an army of fifty-six thousand men. Eugene quitted the line of Stolhofen with equal rapidity; but being threatened by Villeroy, was unable to stop Tallard on his march, and reached Hochstadt the same day that his adversary reached Augsburgh. This was a fine opportunity for the French to march upon the corps of Eugene, only twenty thousand men strong, and crush it; but they lost time. Marlborough advanced rapidly to his colleague's support, and the two armies uniting at Hochstadt formed a force of fifty-two thousand men. The strategic field of this portion of the basin of the Danube being the right bank of the river, where the communications are easy and the country abundant, while the left bank is wild, without roads, and shut in by mountains which surround the basin, the French ought to have kept on the right bank, refused battle, and waited for the enemy to retreat; and as the allies could not have penetrated into Bavaria without leaving too far behind their magazines of Nordlingen and Nuremberg, they would have

been compelled either to fall back upon the Mein, or allow Villeroy to cut off their communications. But instead of this the two marshals and the elector passed the Danube at Huningen, to give battle. This was precisely what their adversaries wished, who, to anticipate them, took station near Hochstadt, with their left resting on the Danube. Tallard and Marsin interpreted this movement as a feint to mask a retreat upon Nuremberg, and drew up their army in such a way as to form two distinct armies, each with its infantry in the centre, and the cavalry on the wings; and moreover, believing their right flank menaced, they stripped the centre to crowd together on this flank, which was naturally covered by the Danube, twenty-seven battalions, and twelve squadrons, forming more than twelve thousand men, who were thus left isolated and useless in the village of Blenheim. Marlborough, after having exhorted his troops to fight for the "freedom of the nations," advanced against the centre, broke it, and cut the French Bavarian army in two; then turned to the right wing, drove it into the river, and made Tallard prisoner. Marsin and the elector, who were contending more successfully on the left with Eugene, instead of taking Marlborough in flank, and thus disengaging their right wing, recrossed the Danube, and retreated upon Ulm, without giving any orders to the twelve thousand men in Blenheim, who were surrounded and compelled to lay down their arms without fighting, (Aug. 13.) The loss of the two armies in killed and wounded was twelve thousand men each; but the French lost also twelve thousand prisoners, and the rest of their army was thrown into such utter confusion, that twelve thousand more got lost or deserted, and twenty thousand were all that the elector could collect in Ulm. The incapacity of the generals made the consequences of this defeat even more disastrous than the defeat itself. Marsin, finding himself pursued, threw himself into the Black Forest, where he formed, near Villingen, a junction with Villeroy; who, if he had followed Eugene, as Eugene had followed Tallard, might have prevented this disaster. By this junction the French army was once more equal to the allies, and Marsin and Villeroy might have defended the passes; but they, terror-struck, hurried over the mountains, and it was not till they had put the Rhine between them and the enemy, that they felt themselves safe. The elector took refuge in France.

"It was long since France had met with such a disaster. By one stroke a hundred leagues of territory, the states of Bavaria, and an army of fifty thousand men were lost; Austria saved and France menaced with invasion. The allies full of joy at this unhoped for fortune, talked of nothing less than reducing Louis XIV. to the dominions which had been held by his father. They crossed the Rhine at Phippsburgh, but the Prince of Baden refusing to invade Lorraine, they confined their efforts to Landau, which they laid siege to and took, while different detachments freed the country between the Rhine and the Meuse, seized Treves, Traerbach, and

Saarbruck, and stripped the Elector of Cologne who, like his brother, took refuge in France."—G.]

THE CAMPAIGN.[a]

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising [1] out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alps and Appenines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;

[1] *An Iliad rising.* The expression is not happy, for the Iliad which naturally occurs to the reader is not the ten years' siege of Ilium, but Homer's story of it, which really forms a shorter campaign than this.—G.

[a] The execution of this poem is better than the plan. Indeed the subject was fit only for an ode, and might have furnished materials for a very fine one, if Mr. Addison had possessed the talents of a lyric poet. However, particular passages are wrought up into much life and beauty.

Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold[1] himself was seized with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair,[2]
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In ANNA'S councils, and in CHURCHILL'S[3] arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,[4]
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,[5]
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:

[1] *Great Leopold.* Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, who died the following year.—G.

[2] *Half abandoned to despair,* &c. In preparing the compliment for Queen Anne, which begins the next paragraph, Addison does not seem to have remembered that a prince who, like Leopold, had been educated for the church, and was all his life devoted to the clergy, could hardly feel flattered by a description which says so little for 'his hopes on heaven and confidence in prayer.'—G.

[3] *Churchill.* John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.—G.

[4] *From the kingdoms rent.* Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.—1st Buc. Very happily applied by Tasso to Ireland. La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda.—GER. LIB. Cant. V. 1, st.—G.

[5] *Thy favorites grow not up by fortune's sport.* This is rather bold to apply to the Duke of Marlborough, who, with all his talent, was indebted to a not very creditable "sport of fortune" for his first start. But here it is not merely Addison the poet, but Addison the Whig, that speaks.—Vide Macaulay's Hist. of England, ch. 4, and for variety compare Coxe's Mem. of Marlborough.—G.

Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes[1] warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.

[1] *Soon as soft vernal breezes.* In studying so careful a writer as Addison, it may be permitted to ask what office is performed by the "zephyrs" of the next line which could not have been performed equally well by the "vernal breezes" of the first? But the whole of this paragraph is stiff, and shows how hard the writer found it, in spite of his enthusiasm, to get into his subject. The Moselle is introduced in the first line of the third couplet with very good effect, but the effort reappears in the unhappy application of the epithet *moving* to war, in the equivocal use of "fall," as applied to a river, and the introduction of "discontented shades," in a poem professedly historical and human. There are, however, three vigorous lines, in which truth and poetry are combined with singular felicity, in painting, by a judicious choice of circumstances, some of the guilt of war:—

Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.

These lines have been imitated by Voltaire, though with a mythological application—

"Incertains pour quel mâitre, en ces plaines fécondes,
Vont croître leurs moissons et vont couler leurs ondes."

The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader,[a] [1] ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, [2] he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,

[1] *Our godlike leader.* Here the verse flows with far more freedom, and Marlborough is drawn in such a way as to give him, at once, his true place as the controlling spirit of the whole campaign.—G.

[2] *Big with the fate of Europe.* A striking expression in the opening scene of Cato—

"The day big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—"

but sadly out of place here. Indeed, the stiffness from which Addison's heroic verse is never free for many couplets together, appears again in this paragraph. It closes, however, with a beautiful patriotic thought, beautifully expressed.—G.

[a] *Our godlike leader* Our poets, half paganized in their education, deal much too freely in this epithet

Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun, they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview. [1]
Great souls [2] by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;

[1] *Eugenio to the glorious interview.* At Heilbronn, where these two great men met for the first time, though the general plan of the campaign had been concerted between them by letter. The reader will remember Sir Roger's visit to London to see Prince Eugene, "Having heard him say more than once, in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderberg."—G.

[2] *Great souls, &c.* The next two couplets are very strained, commonplace in thought, confused in imagery, and tame in expression. The idea of souls shooting out rays toward each other, which meet and blaze up in a common conflagration, sounds more like "hoarse Sir Richard" than Addison, and is worthy of one of the high places of the "Art of sinking."

A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood:
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,[1]
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,

The remainder of the paragraph is at least good sense, and in the last couplet but one—

> "In hours of peace, content to be unknown,
> And only in the field of battle shown—"

Addison is himself again. The Dutch struck a medal with Marlborough and Eugene's heads in profile, and the inscription—*Heroum concordia victrix.*—G.

[1] *Britannia's graceful sons.* An odd epithet for soldiers, and still more so by its local contrast with "harassed troops." It requires a moment's reflection to see that they refer to the same persons. But the tameness of the first three couplets of this paragraph is compensated by the simile of the hound, equally just and beautiful, and expressed in Addison's best manner. Though, perhaps, the picture would have been more exact, and none the less poetical, if *bounds* had been used instead of *shoots*, in describing the sudden start of the dog on the fresh scent.—G.

The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes,[1] the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last;
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass.
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage

[1] *The march concludes.* From this point the poem continues through several paragraphs, with a full flow of vigorous and harmonious verse, in which the three couplets beginning "The Western Sun," should be particularly mentioned. For the "Schellenberg," see the introduction.—J.

With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô' lives Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood [1] his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed; [2]
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, [3] renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:

[1] *Plunging thro' seas of blood.* Here Marlborough has a little too much of the 'mighty bone,' and Addison seems to forfeit for a moment his claims to the praise of Johnson and Macaulay.—G.

[2] *Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed.* Chronicled, and not unworthily, in the eleventh chapter of the "Art of sinking in poetry."—G.

[3] *Forbear, great man.* Ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hostes.—Phars. 2. vii. v. 590. Imitated also by Voltaire—"Ah cher prince, arrêtez." Fontenoi.—G.

Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds [1] bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight) [a]
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear, [2]
And Marlbrô's form in ev'ry shadow fear,

[1] *So Belgian mounds.* In his examination of the simile of the Angel, Johnson says: "In the poem now examined (the Campaign) where the English are represented as gaining a fortified pass, by repetition of attack, and perseverance of resolution, their obstinacy of courage and vigor of onset is well illustrated by the sea, that breaks with incessant battery, the dikes of Holland."—G.

[2] *In every rustling wind, &c.* If Addison had been a more open admirer of the Italian poets, I should have suspected him of having had in his eye the thirty-third stanza of the first Canto of Orlando Furioso:

"E'l mover delle fronde e di verzure
Che di cerri sentia, d'olmi e di faggi,
Fatto le avea con subite paure,
Trovar di quà e di là strani viaggi;
Che ad ogni ombra veduta in monte o in valle
Temea Rinaldo aver sempre alle spalle."—G.

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[a] (*Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight*). This verse and those below:—*The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields*, and, *The food of armies, and support of wars*, have been censured by the critics, not alto-

'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donawert,[1] with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.[2]
Deluded prince![3] how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,

[1] *Donawert.* Donauwerth—on the left bank of the Danube—a *tête de pont* connecting the defense of the Lech with that of the Rednitz, and a very important position between Ulm and Ratisbon, at the crossing of the roads from the Neckar and Mein to Augsburgh. Here the verse flags again, and this short paragraph has furnished two lines to the "Art of sinking," viz.: "The growth of meadows," and "The food of armies." "The macrology and pleonasm," says Martinus Scriblerus, "are as generally coupled as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure."—G.

[2] Venez, lancez ces foudres que leurs mains ont forgés.—Fontenoi.

[3] *Deluded prince.* The Elector of Bavaria, ally of Louis XIV. In this paragraph and the next, the verse moves smoothly, with occasional passages of vigor. But it is sad to think that a man like Addison could be so misled by national and party prejudice, as to speak in such terms of the horrible devastation of Bavaria. Of this atrocious deed, Archdeacon Coxe coolly says: "The confederates had now no other alternative than to *visit the offences of the prince on his unfortunate subjects.* Numerous villages were burnt

gether without reason, yet with rather too much severity; for the expression rises something, but not so much as it ought. The greatest fault is, that three such verses (each of which is only passable) stand so near together: but for the cause of this defect in our author's rhymed verse, see the introductory note to his Latin poems.

That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'st th' assistance [a] of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.

or destroyed, and the *whole country* was given up to *military execution*, as far as the vicinity of Munich." It is but fair to add a passage from one of Marlborough's letters to his wife: "We sent this morning 3000 horse to his (the elector's) chief city of Munich, with orders to burn and destroy all the country about it. This is so contrary to my nature, that nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged me to consent to it, for those poor people suffer for their master's ambition. There having been no war in this country for above sixty years, their towns and villages are so clean that you would be pleased with them." Coxe's Memoirs of Marlborough, vol. 1, page 183.—G.

[a] *Thou hope'st th' assistance.* Scarce tolerable in the expression, but insupportable in the sound.

To the thick woods the woolly flocks[a] retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier[1] fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd

But now the trumpet,[2] terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;

[1] *The listening soldier.* A fine picture, but if Bavarian and French testimony were taken, it would probably be more in harmony with certain passages in the histories of the English wars with Scotland, the concurrent testimony of American writers concerning their conduct during the American Revolution, and some strong statements in Napier's Peninsular war, confirmed by the correspondence of the Duke of Wellington.—G.

[2] *But now the trumpet.* Here the poet rises with his subject, and approaches the decisive battle with much spirit. The picture of the various hopes and feelings connected with the "fatal day," is finely conceived, and vigorously drawn. States bemoaning their new captivity, and armies of martyrs groaning in exile, are objects sufficiently distinct and definite to address themselves directly to the feelings. And the feelings once enlisted, must be strongly moved by the "sighs and prayers," the natural expression of human suffering, and thereby definite in themselves, but acquiring, as they rise from the "depths of gloomy dungeons," and burst from the soul in its bitterness, somewhat of that mystery which is so pleasing to an excited imagination. But I wish he had stopped here. "Europe" is too definite an idea to follow those mysterious sighs and prayers; the next line was not written for posterity, and, to say the least, it is not very pious to assert that Heaven had been waiting for the battle of Blenheim, to show "his care and conduct" of human events.—G.

[a] *The woolly flock.* The "*Lanigeræ pecudes*" of Lucretius.

The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And ANNA's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march[1] and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host:[2]
Tho' fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

[1] *Behold in awful march.* The details of this battle were so familiar when these lines were written, that few readers, probably, would have complained of this paragraph as too general for effective description.—G.

[2] *Lessen his numbers and contract his host.* On record in "the Art of sinking."—G.

But O, my muse,[1] what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul was prov'd,[2]
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel[3] by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

[1] *But O, my muse.* "Introductions of this kind are a forced attempt in a writer to spur up himself and his reader, when he finds his imagination begin to flag."—Blair.

[2] *'Twas then great Marlborough.* Here we have a fine confirmation of Johnson's remarks concerning the nature of the real excellence of this poem. How much nobler Marlborough appears in these lines, than when represented as "plunging through seas of blood." Vide sup. note, and compare in the poem of "Fontenoi," the picture of Louis and Cumberland.

"Le fier Cumberland fier d'attaquer Louis
A déjà disposé ses bataillons hardis:
Tels ne parurent point, &c."

and in another passage—

"Son courage n'est point cet instinct furieux.—G.

[3] *So when an angel.* It was at this point that Addison carried his manuscript to the Lord Treasurer, and received his first public office—*Commissioner of Appeals.* Nothing, perhaps, gives a more striking idea of the fluctuations of public taste than the attention that has been bestowed upon this passage. In the Tatler it is said to be "one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man." Johnson enters into a long disquisition to prove that, though these lines are just and noble, they do not contain a proper simile, the action ascribed to Marlborough

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,[a]
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household-troops advance![1]
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.

being precisely the same with that ascribed to the angel, while "a poetical simile consists in the discovery of likeness between two actions, in their general nature and disposition dissimilar, or of causes, terminating by different operations in some resemblance of effect." Even the learned Michaelis found time to write:—"This is a fiction neither agreeable to the sentiments of a Christian, an Oriental, a Greek, nor a Roman; nor so adapted to the judgment of the senses (which look for something more magnificent in so terrible a juncture), as to deserve to be introduced against the opinion of almost all nations who make thunder to be the prerogative of the Supreme Being only." This severe sentence called forth a minute confutation. Macaulay says:—"We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which seems to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis:

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke not of a storm, but of the storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general." In one thing Mr. M. is mistaken—the reference to the November gale had already been pointed out. There is a burlesque accusation of plagiarism extracted in the Addisoniana, which the editor of those agreeable volumes has mistaken for serious criticism.—G.

[1] *But see the haughty household-troops advance.—Vain insolence—con-*

[a] *Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past.* This line has been censured by a very good judge, *as unpoetical:* (see Dr. Beattie's Notes, prefixed to his edition of Mr. Addison's papers, in 4 vols., vol. 1, p. 21,—ed. 1790.) It may be so: but the allusion is fine and proper. For when the avenging angel rides in *such* a storm, the danger is brought home to ourselves, and the poet's imagery is not only great, but interesting; that is, we have the sublime in perfection.

The war's whole art each private soldier knows
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear: [a]
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer,[1] how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!

tempt. &c., &c. Voltaire has here the advantage as a philosopher, and perhaps, too, as a poet—and the just appreciation with which he speaks of the English is a striking commentary upon the tone of self-glorification, attributed by English and American writers to the French—

> "Les voilà ces rivaux du grand nom de mon maître,
> Plus farouches que nous, aussi vaillans peut-être—
> Maison du roi! marchez, assurez la victoire,
> Phalanges de Louis, écrazez sous vos coups,
> Ces combattans si fiers et *si dignes de vous*."—G.

[1] *O Dormer.* A beautiful passage. And the thought with which it closes is more just perhaps than that which Voltaire attributes to Grammont—

> "Grammont dans l'Elysée emporte la douleur,
> D'ignorer en mourant si son maître est vainqueur."

"Voilà un sentiment," says the witty poet in a letter which he attributes to a 'fine lady'—"que je n'ai vu dans aucun des petits romans que je lis. Je voudrais bien savoir si on a de ces idées-là quand on a la cuisse emportée d'un boulet de canon: on me répond à cela que le duc de Grammont aimait véritablement le roi, et qu'il pouvait très bien avoir eu de pareils sentimens à sa mort. Faible réponse, misérable évasion dont vous sentez la pétitesse! Voltaire, Œuvres, vo 13, p. 190, ed. de 1838.—G.

[a] *Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.* The Book of Job furnished him with this idea—*he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.* xli. 29.

How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd,
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs [1] the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

[1] *From Blenheim's towers.* A body of eleven thousand men of the best troops of France, were left shut up in Blenheim without orders. When, after an unsuccessful attempt to disengage themselves from the narrow streets of the town, they found themselves compelled by their position to lay down their arms, they broke out in indignation against the want of judgment which had exposed them to this disgrace. The regiment of Navarre tore up their colors and buried them, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy, or, according to other authorities, burnt up their colors and buried their arms.

Unfortunate Tallard![1] Oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,[2]
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away[3]
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or, 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,

[1] *Unfortunate Tallard.* Tallard was so short-sighted, that in going to rally some of his own squadrons, he mistook a body of the enemy's troops for his own, and was made prisoner.—G.

[2] *The fatal field by such great leaders won.* "Si ton maître avait beaucoup de soldats comme toi, il serait invincible," said Marlborough to a prisoner, whose bravery in the battle had attracted his attention. "Ce ne sont pas les soldats comme moi qui lui manquent," was the reply. "Ce sont des généraux comme vous."—G.

[3] *The fiel l whence famed Eugenio.* Marlborough had already broken the French right an hour before Eugene could get into action on the left.—G

Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
Marlbrô's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.[1]
The hero's breast[2] still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?
Where the swoln Rhine,[3] rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark[4] stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;

[1] *And longs to open her obsequious gates.* The expression seems almost prophetic, and would apply with equal propriety to the surrender of Mack.—G.

[2] *The hero's breast.* In this paragraph the poet seems to have been as much at a loss what to say, as his hero was what to do.—G.

[3] *Where the swoln Rhine.* A vigorous line, intentionally roughened by the alliteration, *Rhine rushing.*—G.

[4] *On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark.* The fortress of Landau—now one

Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And tho' the dog-star had its course begun
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbrò's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch,[1] whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:

of the fortresses of the Germanic confederation. The works were constructed by Vauban.—G.

[1] *Austria's young monarch.* Joseph, King of the Romans, son of the Emperor Leopold. He joined the army before Landau.—G.

What tides of glory [1] to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus [2] was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbrô's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts [3] his tedious march renews
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.

[1] *What tides of glory.* Another striking illustration of the facility with which great writers can write nonsense, when they feel obliged to say something without knowing exactly what.—G.

[2] *Achilles thus.* "When Addison, having celebrated the beauty of Marlborough's person, tells us that 'Achilles thus was formed with every grace,' here is no simile, but a mere exemplification."—Johnson. This is a compliment which history will not dispute. While serving under Turenne, he had been known as the 'bel Anglais,' an expression fully justified by Kneller's portrait.—G.

[3] *To Belgian coasts.* This march enabled Marlborough to establish his winter-quarters on the Moselle, "which," he says in a letter to the Lord

Treves fears no more,[1] freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,[2]
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô' presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,[3]
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,[4]
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty;

Treasurer Godolphin, "will give France as much uneasiness as any thing that has been done this summer."—G.

[1] *Treves fears no more.*—The French garrison of 300 men, on hearing of Marlborough's approach, abandoned the fort which commanded the town.—G.

[2] *Traerbach feels the terror of his arms.* There is some exaggeration in this account of the siege of Traerbach. The French garrison consisted of only 600 men, and the siege was conducted by the Prince of Hesse.—G.

[3] *The work of ages sunk in one campaign.* A gross exaggeration; for, though Louis XIV. was defeated, humbled, and reduced to the greatest straits, the great conquests of his reign, Franche-Comté, Flanders, and Alsace still remain untouched.—G.

[4] *Ranges through nations*, &c. If this had been said after Fulton, it would probably be supposed to mean that Britannia ranged through nations by means of steamboats. As it stands, it must be taken for a somewhat circuitous way of saying that her armies marched wherever they chose.—G.

But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus wou'd I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions,[a] unadorn'd,[1] are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most [2]

[1] *When actions unadorned*, &c. Voltaire in the "Discours préliminaire to his poem on the battle of Fontenoi, justifies his limited use of fictitious personages, by the example of Addison. "C'était ce que sentait M. Addison, bon poëte et critique judicieux. Il employa dans son poëme, qui a immortalisé la campagne de Hochstadt, beaucoup moins de fictions qu'on ne s'en est permis dans le *Poëme de Fontenoi*. Il savait que le duc de Marlborough et le prince Eugène se seraient très peu souciés de voir des dieux où il était question des grandes actions des hommes; il savait qu'on rélève par l'invention, les exploits de l'antiquité, et qu'on court risque d'affaiblir ceux des modernes par de froides allégories; il a fait mieux, il a intéressé l'Europe entière à son action."—Voltaire, Œuvres v.—11, p. 164.

[2] "He best can paint them who shall feel them most."—Eloisa to Abelard.

[a] *When actions*, &c. An apology, gracefully enough made for the prosaic plan of this poem: for though the author's *invention* had not supplied him with a better, his *true taste* could not but tell him, this was defective.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TRANSLATION OF PSALM XXIII.[1]

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with the shepherds's care.
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

[1] This piece was first published in the Spectator.—G.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN.[1]

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

[1] Originally published in the Spectator.—G.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

DIVINE ODE.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,[1]
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

[1] Originally published in the Spectator.—G.

II.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though, nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

DIVINE ODE.[1]

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

[1] Published in the Spectator as a 'Divine Ode,' made by a gentleman on the conclusion of his travels.—G.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep[1]
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

[1] The allusion in these lines is to a violent gale he encountered in his Italian tour.—Vide Life.—G.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee!

HYMN.[1]

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

[1] Originally published in the Spectator.

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

III.

When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless wo prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AT OXFORD. *

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns,
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims,
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;

* The success of *Alexander's Feast*, made it fashionable for succeeding poets, to try their hand at a musical ode: but they mistook the matter, when they thought it enough to contend with Mr. Dryden. It was reserved for one or two of our days to give us a true idea of lyric poetry in English.

[Hurd probably alludes to Collins and Gray, who, however, with all their merit, still leave "Alexander's feast," the first lyric in the language. Johnson speaks of this in higher terms than any other critic I have seen, and says that it was partly imitated by Pope, and has something of Dryden's force.—G.]

The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended, as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high.
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity

Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[KNELLER, like Reynolds, lived much with the wits of his day, but unlike him, was constantly their butt. In his "Welcome from Greece to Pope," Gay says—

> "Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
> Who could (were mankind lost) a new create:
> What can the extent of his vast soul confine?
> A painter, critic, engineer divine!"

The allusion is to a trick of Pope's.

One day Pope said to him, "Sir Godfrey, I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore God," said Kneller, never doubting the poet's object, "I believe so."

Of these lines Johnson says—"The parallel of the Princes and gods, in his verses to Kneller, is often happy, but is too well known to be quoted."

"No single ode of Cowley," says Macaulay, "contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller."

Dugald Stewart also, who has interspersed his philosphical writings with exquisite specimens of literary criticism, has borne testimony to the merit of this piece in the following characteristic passage—"As an additional confirmation of these observations we may remark, that the more an author is limited by his subject, the more we are pleased with his wit. And, therefore, the effect of wit does not arise solely from the unexpected relations which it presents to the mind, but arises, in part, from the surprise it excites at those intellectual habits which give it birth. It is evident that the more the author is circumscribed in the choice of his materials, the greater must be the command which he has acquired over those associating principles on which wit depends, and of consequence, according to the foregoing doctrine, the greater must be the surprise and the pleasure which his wit produces. In Addison's celebrated verses to Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of George the First, in which he compares the painter to Phidias, and the subjects of his pencil to the Grecian deities, the range of the Poet's wit was necessarily confined within very narrow bounds, and what principally delights us in that performance is the surprising ease and felicity with which he runs the parallel between the English history and the Greek mythology. Of all the allusions which the following passage contains, there is not one, taken singly, of very extraor

dinary merit; and yet the effect of the whole is uncommonly great, from the singular power of combination, which so long and so difficult an exertion discovers." The passage cited is from "Wise Phidias," to "King defied." —Stewart's Works, vol. 1, pp. 222–3.—G.]

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,

Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller,[a] long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature, in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent.
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias,[b] thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,

[a] *Thou, Kneller.* If this little poem had begun here, and ended with "*their king defy'd,*" it had been equal, or superior, to any thing in any other poet, on the like occasion.

[b] There never was any thing happier, than this whole illustration, nor more exquisitely expressed.

And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with up-cast eyes;
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a Jove!

THE COUNTESS OF MANCHESTER,

AT PARIS.[1]

While haughty Gallia's dames that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unborrowed blushes glow'd.

SONG.[2]

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
'Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

[1] These lines were written by Addison, on his admission to the Kit Cat Club—where it was required that every new member should name his "toast," and write something in her honor, to be engraved on a drinking glass. A. had met this lady in Paris.—G.

[2] Originally published in the Spectator, with an amusing commentary.—G.

But now a long and lasting anguish,
For Belvidera I endure:
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

IMITATION OF OUR ENGLISH LYRICS.[1]

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses,
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field—
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare—
Their, &c.

[1] Published in the *Guardian*, 124.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her song, suspends our talk—
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream—
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown upon the grass—
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye—
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her name—
Who on, &c.

PROLOGUE TO THE TENDER HUSBAND.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

In the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every shire
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleasure, or of place invites.
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;

* A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:——
Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
The[1] t'other more refin'd; she comes from France.
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

[1] It is strange that this use of *t'*, so like the French euphonic *l'* before *on*, should have escaped the grammatical eye of Hurd.—G.

* A dramatic poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er,[a] to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

EPILOGUE

TO THE 'DISTRESSED MOTHER.'

A TRAGEDY.—TRANSLATED BY AMBROSE PHILIPS, FROM THE FRENCH OF RACINE.

SPOKEN BY ANDROMACH.

[This piece finds a place here upon the authority of Mr. Garrick, who learnt from Tonson's family that the morning on which it was originally printed, Addison came down in great haste, and had Budgell's name substituted for his own. This is supposed to have been done in order to give Budgell, whom Addison styled "the man who calls me cousin," better chances for a place which his friends were soliciting for him.—G.]

I hope you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've played my game, and topp'd the widow's part.

[a] *But* howsoe'er. A word, which nobody would now use in verse, and not many in good prose

My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But died commodiously on his wedding day;
While I, his relict, made at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young Sty a king.
You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whóle years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?
'Twas a strange 'scape! Had Pyrrhus lived till now,
I had been finely hampered in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere a hard fate—ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night—to think upon it.
But why, you'll say, was all this grief expressed
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinformed,)
That, when enrag'd, the Grecian camp he stormed;
To break the tenfold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of those
Who in that age of thundering mortals rose:
—It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaus.
At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dress'd bride.
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day;
Take, then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care.

DRAMAS.

ROSAMOND.

An Opera.

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. VIRG. ÆN. 6

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[ADDISON'S attention had been called to the Opera during his travels in Italy, and on returning to England, where it had recently been introduced in Italian, he was struck with the seeming absurdity of an audience listening, during a whole evening, to a piece written in a language which not fifty of them understood. To oppose it, he wrote an opera himself, taking his subject from the well-known story of "Rosamond's Bower," to which the recent donation of "Woodstock" to the Duke of Marlborough, as an acknowledgment of his services, "not to his own country and sovereign only, but to all Europe," gave a new interest. It was this circumstance also, which suggested the dedication to the Duchess of Marlborough, at which Johnson snarled with more than his usual harshness. The music, according to a report cited by Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," was a "jargon of sounds." After two or three cold or unsuccessful representations, it was dropped. Addison then published it, one would almost suppose in self-justification. Among the marks of attention which it drew forth, was a copy of verses from a young Oxonian, Thomas Tickell, then unknown to fame, but whose name is now inseparably connected with Addison's. The reader will readily recall the humorous history of the Italian Opera in England, which appeared a few years afterwards in the 5th and 18th numbers of the Spectator.

Of this piece Johnson says:—"The Opera of Rosamond, though it is seldom mentioned, is one of the first of Addison's compositions. The subject is well chosen, the fiction is pleasing, and the praise of Marlborough, for which the scene gives an opportunity, is, what perhaps every human excellence must be, the product of good luck, improved by genius. The thoughts are sometimes great, and sometimes tender; the versification is easy and gay. There is, doubtless, some advantage in the shortness of the lines, which there is little temptation to load with expletive epithets. The dialogue seems commonly better than the songs. The two comic characters of Sir Trusty and Grideline, though of no great value, are such as the poet intended. Sir Trusty's account of the death of Rosamond is, I think, too grossly absurd. The whole drama is airy and elegant; engaging in its progress, and pleasing in its conclusion. If Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled."

Macaulay, who in most of his criticisms agrees with Johnson, says:—"His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of "Rosamond." This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is, indeed, excellent of its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think, that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, 'Rosamond' was set to new music by Doctor Arne, and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England."

Warton condemns the introduction of the comic characters. This story furnished Niccolini the subject of his beautiful tragedy of "Rosmunda."

Addison's choice of his subject may be considered as another proof of his fondness for the old English ballad, to which he has paid so beautiful a tribute in the Spectator. On this occasion he has altered the story to avoid the tragic catastrophe: and, perhaps, with the feeling, that while a Queen was on the throne, it would hardly do to paint a British Queen as she appears in this ballad, and in the still stronger story of Queen Eleanor's confession. For both these ballads see *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.—G.]

A COPY OF VERSES

IN THE SIXTH MISCELLANY,

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ROSAMOND.

——Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

BY MR. TICKELL.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong,
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates and lavish fancy builds!

What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd!
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrook fram'd, and Marlbrô' rais'd the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see the' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name.

Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING HENRY.
SIR TRUSTY, Keeper of the Bower.
PAGE.
MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ELINOR.
ROSAMOND.
GRIDELINE, Wife to Sir Trusty.
Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE, Woodstock Park.

ROSAMOND

ACT I.

SCENE I.[a]

A Prospect of Woodstock Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN. What place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,[b]
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.
PAGE. There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

[a] The comic scenes of this opera are pleasant and entertaining.
[b] Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock-Park.

QUEEN. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.——— [*Aside.*

PAGE. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

QUEEN. Death and confusion! I'm too slow—
Show me the happy mansion, show— [*Aside.*

PAGE. Great Henry there—

QUEEN. Trifler, no more!—

PAGE. —Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

PAGE. Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower,[1] that wanders
In meanders,

[1] The king, therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong;
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belonge.

And they so cunninglye contrived,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

FAIR ROSAMOND.—*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, v. 2, pp. 156–7.

Hearne, who wrote in 1718, a discourse upon Rosamond, says, "That by the pool at Woodstock were still to be seen the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth."—G.

Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.

QUEEN. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

PAGE. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.

PAGE. Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes!
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.
QUEEN. Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns!—but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

SIR TRUSTY, *Knight of the Bower, solus.*

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!

For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE and SIR TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE. Faithless varlet, art thou there?
SIR TRUSTY. My love, my dove, my charming fair!
GRIDELINE. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know
SIR TRUSTY. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
GRIDELINE. Cheat not me with false caresses.
SIR TRUSTY. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses
GRIDELINE. Those to fair Rosamond are due.
SIR TRUSTY. She is not half so fair as you.
GRIDELINE. She views thee with a lover's eye.
SIR TRUSTY. I'll still be thine, and let her die.
GRIDELINE. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
SIR TRUSTY. O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE. O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles:
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!

SIR TRUSTY. At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: | *Aside*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, be gone.

GRIDELINE. I love thee so
I cannot go.

SIR TRUSTY. Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE. Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

SIR TRUSTY. Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE. I'm a foolish fond wife.

SIR TRUSTY. Let us part,
Let us part.

GRIDELINE. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

SIR TRUSTY. I will if I can.

GRIDELINE. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?

SIR TRUSTY. Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.

GRIDELINE. Thou art a rustic to call me so
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so.
Thou, traitor, adieu!

SIR TRUSTY. Farewel, thou shrew!

GRIDELINE. Thou traitor.

SIR TRUSTY. Thou shrew.

BOTH. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit Grid.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.* How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils,
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.
But see the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND and SIR TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND. From walk to walk, from shade to shade
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.

Impatient for my lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

SIR TRUSTY. What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND. How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting
Birds delighting,
(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.

Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why:
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms.
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly!

SIR TRUSTY. How much more bless'd would lovers be
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Grideline and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND. O Rosamond, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence astray:
At home thou seest thy queen enraged,
Abroad thy absent lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

SIR TRUSTY. Such cold complaints befit a nun;
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND. Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feathered choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly pleasing dreams. [*Ex. Ros*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.* What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty;
But hah! a sound my bower invades, [*Trump flor.*
And echoes through the winding shades;

'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! It must be so.

SCENE V.

MESSENGER and SIR TRUSTY.

MESSENGER. Great Henry comes! with love opprest;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

SIR TRUSTY. The bower and lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.

MESSENGER. Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched:
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!

SIR TRUSTY. Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter KING HENRY *after a flourish of trumpets.*

KING. Where is my love! my Rosamond?
SIR TRUSTY. First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.
KING. Where is my life! my Rosamond?
SIR TRUSTY. Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.
KING. Where is the tender, charming fair?
SIR TRUSTY. Let me appear, great sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.
KING. Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TRUSTY. For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
KING. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TRUSTY. I speak, great sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.
KING. What dost thou say? I shake with fear.
SIR TRUSTY. Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
KING. Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace?
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.

SIR TRUSTY. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuse
For first interviews?

KING. Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The parti-colour'd gay alcove.

SIR TRUSTY. Your highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING. Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING and ROSAMOND.

KING. Thus let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.
ROSAMOND. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.
KING. Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.
ROSAMOND. My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.
KING. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!
BOTH. O may the present bliss endure!
KING. My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:

But oh! with noon-day heats oppress,
My aking temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King.*

ROSAMOND, *sola.* From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracks of light;
While I abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long uncomfortable way.
They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewel sorrow, farewel fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE and PAGE.

GRIDELINE. My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charmed the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,

On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

GRIDELINE. He does, my child: or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE. If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

GRIDELINE. My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

PAGE. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart———

GRIDELINE. And he has charms.

PAGE. Your fears are too just.

GRIDELINE. Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH. He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE. O merciless fate!

PAGE. Deplorable state!

GRIDELINE. To die———

PAGE. To be slain

GRIDELINE. By a barbarous swain,
BOTH. That laughs at your pain.
GRIDELINE. How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?
PAGE. Open the gate if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.
GRIDELINE. Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.
PAGE. I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.
GRIDELINE. Of such a faithful spy I've need:*
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit Page.*
GRIDELINE, *sola.* Prithee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. [*Exit Grid.*

SCENE III.

PAGE, *solus.* O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:

* An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.
PAGE. Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [*Apart.*
QUEEN. I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr'd!
PAGE. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside*
QUEEN. What shall my trembling soul pursue?
PAGE. Behold, great queen, the place in view!
QUEEN. Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!
PAGE. That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.

QUEEN. It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a pause*
I cannot see my lord repine
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?
PAGE. Her heart with rage and fondness glows.
O jealousy, thou hell of woes! [*Aside*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains;
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbors rise.
QUEEN. Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.* Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, th' offended queen I see;
Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the Queen, with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.

QUEEN. Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.
ROSAMOND. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?
QUEEN. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,[1]
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.
ROSAMOND. Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!
QUEEN. How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? *Aside*

[1] Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught
Which I have brought to thee. Ut sup.

ROSAMOND. When tides of youthful blood run high,[1]
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
O how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND. Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see
Think on yourself, and pity me!

QUEEN. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman plead no more!

ROSAMOND. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN. They flow in vain

ROSAMOND. Look with compassion on my fate.
O hear my sighs!

QUEEN. They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

[1] Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Fair Rosamond did cry,
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye. Ut. sup.

ROSAMOND. Tho' I live wretched, let me live,[1]
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light,
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND. What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN. Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND. Give me but one short moment's stay.
—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

QUEEN. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND. O spare my blood, [*her hand.*
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.[2] [*Takes the bowl in*

QUEEN. Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*

[1] And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.

[2] The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,
She gave this comelye dame to drinke:
Who tooke it in her hand—— Ut. sup.

Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.

[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND. Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks*
—Whither, ah! whither shall I go?

QUEEN. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSAMOND. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so;
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams,
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause.
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN. Hear and observe your queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.
[*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY, *in a fright.*

A breathless corps! what have I seen?
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true;
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:
Great Sir,
'Your Rosamond is dead [*Writes*
'As I am at this present writing.'
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,

The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *sola.* The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene a Grotto, Henry asleep, a Cloud descends, in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.

FIRST ANGEL. Behold th' unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
SECOND ANGEL. In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.
FIRST ANGEL. In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

SECOND ANGEL. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

FIRST ANGEL. When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt the ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH. But, oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!

SECOND ANGEL. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes
Till love before ambition fly.

FIRST ANGEL. I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams
Till grief in joyful raptures die.

SECOND ANGEL. Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gauls shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

FIRST ANGEL. See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH. Glory strives!
The field is won!
Fame revives
And love is gone.

FIRST ANGEL. To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,[1]
Thy bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending![a]
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

SECOND ANGEL. He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

FIRST ANGEL. Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead

SECOND ANGEL. And grief may rage—

BOTH. But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[*The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears*

HENRY, (*starting from the couch,*)
Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lie

[1] *What after rolling years.* When these lines were written Blenheim castle was building under the direction of Sir John Vanbrugh.—G.

[a] Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.

In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewel?

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that Part of the Bower where Sir Trusty lies upon the Ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the Table.

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love or bear his rage.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

But oh the sight my soul alarms.
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage*

SCENE III.

KING and QUEEN.

KING. Some dreadful birth of fate is near.
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!

What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn;
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

QUEEN. Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*
KING. But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.
QUEEN. Why do I here my lord receive?
KING. Is this the welcome that you give?
QUEEN. Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?
BOTH. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

QUEEN. What, in these guilty shades, cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?
KING. Cruel woman, what cou'd you?
QUEEN. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.
KING. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.
QUEEN. A heart so unrepenting,
KING. A rage so unrelenting,
BOTH. Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.
KING. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!

So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

QUEEN. How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd die.
KING. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?
QUEEN. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?
KING. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.
QUEEN. How am I bless'd if this be true!— *Aside.*

KING. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——
QUEEN. Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

KING. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?
QUEEN. The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd.
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir;
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.
KING. How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*
QUEEN Atoning for herself and you.
KING. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,

That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn,
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives—

QUEEN. My lord is true.

KING. No more I'll change,

QUEEN. No more I'll grieve:

BOTH. But ever thus united live.

SIR TRUSTY, *awaking*. In which world am I! all I see
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE and SIR TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?
SIR TRUSTY. Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shou'dst thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.
GRIDELINE. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?
SIR TRUSTY. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.
GRIDELINE. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.
SIR TRUSTY. And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,[a]
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence!
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.

BOTH. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

[a] *Who to forbidden joys.* So careful was this excellent man, *to set our passions on the side of truth,*" even in his gayest and slightest compositions.

THE DRUMMER,

OR THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A Comedy.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN DRURY LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

——Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus——

With a PREFACE by Sir RICHARD STEELE, in an EPISTLE DEDICATORY to Mr. CONGREVE, occasioned by Mr. TICKELL'S PREFACE to the four Volumes of Mr. ADDISON'S Works.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[This piece was omitted in the original edition of Addison's works by Tickell, in which, according to Miss Aikin, he displayed "sounder discretion" than Steele did in republishing it.

Of this piece Beattie says in a letter to Mr. Cameron:—"The Drummer is in my opinion one of the best dramatic pieces in our language."—Forbes' Beattie, let. 611.

Macaulay's remarks contain probably the opinion in which most men of taste will agree:

"In the same year (1715) his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced: the piece was coldly received: and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and being known to be his, was loudly applauded."

All the positive knowledge that we shall probably ever have about the authorship of the Drummer is contained in Steele's "Epistle Dedicatory" to Congreve.—G.]

TO MR. CONGREVE,

OCCASIONED BY MR. TICKELL'S PREFACE TO THE FOUR VOLUMES OF MR. ADDISON'S WORKS.

SIR,—This is the second time that I have, without your leave, taken the liberty to make a public address to you. However uneasy you may be, for your own sake, in receiving compliments of this nature, I depend upon your known humanity for pardon, when I acknowledge, that you have this present trouble for mine. When I take myself to be ill-treated with regard to my behaviour to the merit of other men, my conduct towards you is an argument of my candour that way, as well as that your name and authority will be my protection in it. You will give me leave, therefore, in a matter that concerns us in the poetical world, to make you my judge, whether I am not injured in the highest manner; for with men of your taste and delicacy, it is a high crime and misdemeanour to be guilty of any thing that is disingenuous: but I will go into the matter.

Upon my return out of Scotland, I visited Mr. Tonson's shop, and thanked him for his care in sending to my house the volumes of my dear and honoured friend, Mr. ADDISON, which are at last published by his secretary, Mr. Tickell; but took occasion to observe, that I had not seen the work before it came out, which he did not think fit to excuse any otherwise than by a recrimina-

tion, that I had put into his hands at an high price, 'A Comedy called The Drummer;' which, by my zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. Addison, and of which, after his death, he said I directly acknowledged he was the author. To urge this hardship still more home, he produced a receipt under my hand in these words:

March 12, 1715.

"Received then the sum of fifty guineas for the copy of the comedy called, The Drummer, or the Haunted House. I say received by order of the author of the said comedy.

"RICHARD STEELE."

And added, at the same time, that since Mr. Tickell had not thought fit to make that play a part of Mr. Addison's Works, he would sell the copy to any bookseller that would give most for it.

This is represented thus circumstantially, to shew how incumbent it is upon me, as well in justice to the bookseller, as for many other considerations, to produce this comedy a second time, and take this occasion to vindicate myself against certain insinuations thrown out by the publisher of Mr. Addison's writings, concerning my behaviour in the nicest circumstance, that of doing justice to the merit of my friend.

I shall take the liberty, before I have ended this letter, to say, why I believe the Drummer a performance of Mr. Addison: and after I have declared this, any surviving writer may be at ease, if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or silly enough to fear it may be given to himself.

Before I go any further, I must make my public appeal to you and all the learned world, and humbly demand, whether it was a decent or reasonable thing, that works written (as a great part of Mr. Addison's were) in correspondence with me, ought to have been published without my review of the catalogue of them;

or if there were any exception to be made against any circumstance in my conduct, whether an opportunity to explain myself should not have been allowed me before any reflections were made upon me in print.

When I had perused Mr. Tickell's preface, I had soon many objections, besides his omission to say any thing of the Drummer, against his long expected performance. The chief intention of which, and which it concerns me first to examine, seems to aim at doing the deceased author justice against me, whom he insinuates to have assumed to myself part of the merit of my friend.

He is pleased, sir, to express himself concerning the present writer in the following manner:

[a] 'The comedy called, The Tender Husband appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. Addison.'

[b] 'He was in that kingdom, [Ireland] when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of the Tatler, by an observation upon Virgil, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which, however, was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

'In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the

[a] Mr. Tickell's Preface, page 12. [b] Page 13.

several papers; Mr. Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the Spectators and Guardians by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the Tatlers should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those Tatlers which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.'

[a] 'The plan of the Spectator, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele; and because many passages in the course of the work, would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength, with which it was begun.'

It need not be explained, that it is here intimated, that I had not sufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. Addison in these writings. I shall make a full answer to what seems intended by the words, 'He was too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others,' if I can recite out of my own papers any thing that may make it appear groundless.

[a] Page 14.

The subsequent encomiums bestowed by me on Mr. Addison, will, I hope, be of service to me in this particular.

[a] But I have only one gentleman, 'who will be nameless,' to thank for any frequent assistance to me; which, indeed, it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary: when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependance on him.

'The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women, under the names of Musical Instruments, the Distress of the News-Writers, the Inventory of the Play-house, and the Description of the Thermometer, which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.'

[b] 'As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candor which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those, which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them: but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge, at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour, in all Mr. Bickerstaff's lucubrations, are those for which he is also beholden to him.'

[a] 'I hope the apology I have made as to the license allowable

[a] Preface to the 4th vol. of the Tatlers. [b] Tatler, No. 271.

to a feigned character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these discourses of the SPECTATOR and his works. But the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, L, I, or O; that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse CLIO, were given me by the gentleman, of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of the Tatler. I am, indeed, much more proud of his long-continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the Tender Husband, I told him, there was no thing I so ardently wish'd as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as honorary to that sacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play above-mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it, which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish dramatic, as well as other writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions, that the best comment upon them, would be an account when the patron to the Tender Husband was in England or abroad.

[b] 'My purpose, in this application, is only to shew the esteem

[a] Spectator, No. 555.
[b] Dedication before the Tender Husband.

I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life.'

I am sure, you have read my quotations with indignation against the little zeal which prompted the editor, who, by the way, has in himself done nothing in applause of the works which he prefaces, to the mean endeavours of adding to Mr. Addison, by disparaging a man who had, for the greatest part of his life, been his known bosom friend, and shielded him from all the resentments which many of his own works would have brought upon him at the time in which they were written. It is really a good office to society, to expose the indiscretion of intermeddlers in the friendship and correspondence of men, whose sentiments, passions, and resentments, are too great for their proportion of soul: could the editor's indiscretion provoke me even so far as within the rules of strictest honour I could go, and I were not restrained by supererogatory affection to dear Mr. Addison, I would ask this unskilful creature what he means, when he speaks in the air of a reproach, that the Tatler was laid down as it was taken up, without his participation; let him speak out and say, why, 'without his knowledge,' would not serve his purpose as well. If, as he says, he restrains himself to Mr. Addison's character, as a writer, while he attempts to lessen me, he exalts me; for he has declared to all the world, what I never have so explicitly done, that I am, to all intents and purposes, the author of the Tatler. He very justly says, the occasional assistance Mr. Addison gave me in the course of that paper, 'did not a little contribute to advance its reputation, especially when, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in it.' It was advanced, indeed, for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it: for the elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his writings, were not so much my purpose, as in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life,

through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great. After this acknowledgment you will see, that is, such a man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excelled, and made those little talents, whatever they are which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved, and whose modesty would never have admitted them to come into day-light but under such a shelter. So that all which the editor has said, either out of design or incapacity, Mr. Congreve must determine to end in this, that Steele has been so candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. Addison, as a writer; but whether he does, or does not, whatever Steele owes to Mr. Addison, the public owes Addison to Steele. But the editor has such a fantastical and ignorant zeal for his patron, that he won't allow his correspondents to conceal any thing of his, though in obedience to his commands. What I never did declare was Mr. Addison's, I had his direct injunctions to hide, against the natural warmth and passion of my own temper towards my friends. Many of the writings now published as his, I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain the wittiest men of the age, who will now restore me to their good will, in proportion to the abatement of wit which they thought I employed against them. But I was saying, that the editor won't allow us to obey his patron's commands in any thing which he thinks would redound to his credit, if discovered. And because I would shew a little wit in my anger, I shall have the discretion to show you, that he has been guilty in this particular towards a much greater man than your humble servant, and one whom you are more obliged to vindicate. Mr. Dryden in his Virgil, after having acknowledged, that a 'certain excellent young man' had shewed him many faults in his translation of Virgil, which he had endeavoured to correct, goes on to say

'Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil, the two prefaces to the Pastorals, and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation.' If Mr. Addison is one of the two friends, and the preface to the Georgics be what the editor calls the essay upon the Georgics, as one may adventure to say they are, from their being word for word the same, he has cast an inhuman reflection upon Mr. Dryden, who, though tied down not to name Mr. Addison, pointed at him, so as all mankind conversant in these matters knew him, with an eulogium equal to the highest merit, considering who it was that bestowed it. I could not avoid remarking upon this circumstance, out of justice to Mr. Dryden, but confess at the same time I took a great pleasure in doing it, because I knew in exposing this outrage, I made my court to Mr. Congreve.

I have observed that the editor will not let me or any one else obey Mr. Addison's commands, in hiding any thing he desires should be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the circumstance of marking his Spectators, which I did not know till I had done with the work, I made my own act; because I thought it too great a sensibility in my friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the author himself; the real state of which this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me, could provoke the editor in behalf of Mr. Addison to say, that he marked it, out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say, it was I that did it, out of tenderness to him.

As the imputation of any the least attempt of arrogating to myself, or detracting from Mr. Addison, is without any colour of truth, you will give me leave to go on in the same ardour toward

him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner which this gentleman gives an account of as great a benefactor, as any one learned man ever had of another. Would any man, who had been produced from a college life, and pushed into one of the most considerable employments of the kingdom as to its weight and trust, and greatly lucrative with respect to a fellowship, and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greatest men of the age, be satisfied with himself in saying nothing of such a person, besides what all the world knew, except a particularity, and that to his disadvantage, which I, his friend from a boy, don't know to be true, to wit, 'that he never had a regular pulse!' As for the facts and considerable periods of his life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse light than that in which they really stood. When he speaks of Mr. Addison's declining to go into orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his seriousness and modesty, which might have recommended him, 'proved the chief obstacles to it; it seems, these qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendered him still more worthy of that honour which they made him decline.' These, you knew very well, were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil world: and as you were the instrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into orders; his arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted liberal education. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my lord ended with a compliment, that however he might be represented as no friend to the church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it. The contention for this man in his early

youth among the people of greatest power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the executor for his fame, is pleased to ascribe to a serious visage and modesty of behaviour. When a writer is grossly and essentially faulty, it were a jest to take notice of a false expression or a phrase; otherwise priesthood in that place might be observed upon as a term not used by the real well-wishers to clergymen, except when they would express some solemn act, and not when that order is spoke of as a profession among gentlemen: I will not, therefore, busy myself about 'the unconcerning parts of knowledge, but be contented like a reader of plain sense without politeness:' and, since Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this gentleman, 'I admit the Alps and Appenines, instead of his editor, to be commentators' of his works, which, as the editor says, 'have raised a demand for correctness;' this demand, by the way, ought to be more strong upon those who were most about him, and had the greatest advantage of 'his example.' But our editor says, 'that those who come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection.' Believe me, sir, Mr. Addison's example will carry no man further than that height for which nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great men in works above the genius of their imitators, will never rise further than the production of uncommon and unsuitable ornaments in a barren discourse, like flowers upon an heath, such as the author's phrase of something better than perfection: but, indeed, his preface, if ever any thing was, is that something better, for it is so extraordinary, that we cannot say, it is too long or too short, or deny but that it is both. I think I abstract myself from all manner of prejudice, when I aver that no man, though without any obligation to Mr. Addison, would have represented him in his family, in his friendships, or his personal character, so disadvantageously, as his secretary, in preference of whom he

incurred the warmest resentments of other gentlemen, has been pleased to describe him in those particulars.

Mr. Dean Addison, father of this memorable man, left behind him four children, each of whom for excellent talents and singular perfections was as much above the ordinary world, as their brother Joseph was above them. Were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could shew, under the dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them: and I can with great pleasure say, I never omitted any opportunity of shewing that zeal for their persons and interests as became a gentleman and a friend. Were I now to indulge myself, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am sure would be entertaining; but as I am speaking at the same time to all the world, I considered it would be impertinent: let me, then, confine myself a while to the following play, which I at first recommended to the stage, and carried to the press: no one who reads the preface which I published with it, will imagine I could be induced to say so much as I then did, had I not known the man I best loved had had a part in it, or had I believed that any other concerned had much more to do than as an amanuensis.

But, indeed, had I not known, at the time of the transaction, concerning the acting on the stage and sale of the copy, I should, I think, have seen Mr. Addison in every page of it; for he was above all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature heightened with humour, more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.

They who shall read this play after being let into the secret,

that it was writ by Mr. Addison, or under his direction, will probably be attentive to those excellencies, which they before overlooked, and wonder they did not till now observe, that there is not an expression in the whole piece which has not in it the most nice propriety and aptitude to the character which utters it; there is that smiling mirth, that delicate satire, and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addison when he was free among intimates; I say, when he was free from 'his remarkable' bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit; and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.

The Drummer made no great figure on the stage, though exquisitely well acted; but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the stage than of the comedy. When I say the stage in this place, I am understood to mean in general the present taste of theatrical representations, where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may say, grossly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemned, or slighted. It is here republished, and recommended as a closet-piece, to recreate an intelligent mind in a vacant hour; for vacant the reader must be from every strong prepossession, in order to relish an entertainment (*quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*) which cannot be enjoyed to the degree it deserves, but by those of the most polite taste among scholars, the best breeding among gentlemen, and the least acquainted with sensual pleasure among ladies.

The editor is pleased to relate concerning Cato, that a play under that design was projected by the author very early, and wholly laid aside: in advanced years he reassumed the same design, and many years after four acts were finished, he writ the fifth, and brought it upon the stage. All the town knows how officious I was in bringing it on; and you that know the town, the

theatre, and mankind, very well can judge how necessary it was to take measures for making a performance of that sort, excellent as it is, run into popular applause. I promised before it was acted, and performed my duty accordingly to the author, that I would bring together so just an audience on the first days of it, that it should be impossible for the vulgar to put its success or due applause to any hazard; but I don't mention this only to shew, how good an aid-de-camp I was to Mr. Addison, but to shew also that the editor does as much to cloud the merit of his work as I did to set it forth: Mr. Tickell's account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long intervals and pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. Addison, that it was accomplished with the greatest pain and labour, and the issue rather of learning and industry, than capacity and genius; but I do assure you, that never play, which could bring the author any reputation for wit and conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finished, employed the author so little a time in writing; if I remember right, the fifth act was written in less than a week's time; for this was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employed by him, and never took it into my head, though he only spoke it, and I took all the pains of throwing it upon paper, that I ought to call myself the writer of it. I will put all my credit among men of wit for the truth of my averment, when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way the writer of the Drummer; at the same time I will allow, that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural power over me, as much as he could send for any of his clerks when he was secretary of state, and told

me that 'a gentleman then in the room had written a play that he was sure I would like, but it was to be a secret, and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him.'

I hope nobody will be wronged, or think himself aggrieved, that I give this rejected work where I do; and if a certain gentleman is injured by it, I will allow I have wronged him, upon this issue, that (if the reputed translator of the first book of Homer shall please to give us another book) there shall appear another good judge in poetry, besides Mr. Alexander Pope, who shall like it. But I detain you too long upon things that are too personal to myself, and will defer giving the world a true notion of the character and talents of Mr. Addison, till I can speak of that amiable gentleman on an occasion void of controversy: I shall then, perhaps, say many things of him, which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his character; for which I was so zealous, that I could not be contented with praising and adorning him as much as lay in my own power, but was ever soliciting and putting my friends upon the same office. And since the editor has adorned his heavy discourse with prose in rhyme at the end of it upon Mr. Addison's death, give me leave to atone for this long and tedious epistle, by giving you after it what I dare say you will esteem an excellent poem on his marriage. I must conclude without satisfying as strong a desire as ever man had, of saying something remarkably handsome to the person to whom I am writing; for you are so good a judge, that you would find out the endeavourer to be witty: and, therefore, as I have tired you and myself, I will be contented with assuring you, which I do very honestly, I had rather have you satisfied with me on this subject, than any other man living.

You will please to pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice affair before a person who has the acknowledged superiority to all

others, not only in the most excellent talents, but possessing with them an equanimity, candour, and benevolence, which render those advantages a pleasure as great to the rest of the world, as they can be to the owner of them. And since fame consists in the opinion of wise and good men, you must not blame me for taking the readiest way to baffle an attempt upon my reputation, by an address to one whom every wise and good man looks upon with the greatest affection and veneration. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient, and
Most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

TO THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY MR. WELSTED.

Ambition long has woman's heart betray'd,
And tinsel grandeur caught th' unwary maid;
The pompous styles, that strike th' admiring throng,
Have glitter'd in the eye of beauty long:
You, madam, first the female taste improve,
And give your fellow-charmers laws for love;
A pomp you covet, not to heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own:
Part in a man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on titles to ally with fame:
Not Edward's star, emboss'd with silver rays,
Can vie in glory with thy consort's bays;
His country's pride does homage to thy charms
And every merit crowds into thy arms

While others gain light conquests by their eyes,
'Tis thine with wisdom to subdue the wise;
To their soft chains while courtly beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in triumph captive wit:
Her sighing vassals let Clarinda boast,
Of lace and languishing cockades the toast:

In beauty's pride unenvied let her reign,
And share that wanton empire with the vain.
For thee the arts of Greece and Rome combine;
And all the glories, Cato gain'd, are thine:
Still Warwick in thy boasted rank of life,
But more illustrious, than when Warwick's wife.

Come forth, reveal thyself, thou chosen bride,
And shew great Nassau's poet by thy side;
Thy bright example shall instruct the fair,
And future nymphs shall make renown their care;
Embroid'ry less shall charm the virgin's eye,
And kind coquettes, for plumes, less frequent die;
Secure shall beauty reign, the Muse its guard;
The Muse shall triumph, beauty its reward.

THE PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the ap-

probation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee. Which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

PROLOGUE.

In this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes.
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe,)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Censure when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they shou'd hurt a friend:
Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing shou'd take.

But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.
If you shou'd hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue-and-cry.
If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Though with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.

THE DRUMMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Truman, ...	Mr. Wilks.
Tinsel, ...	Mr. Cibber.
Fantome, the Drummer, ...	Mr. Mills.
Vellum, Sir George Truman's Steward, . .	Mr. Johnson.
Butler, ...	Mr. Pinkethman
Coachman, . .	Mr. Miller.
Gardener,	Mr. Norris.
Lady Truman, .	Mrs. Oldfield.
Abigal, ...	Mrs. Saunders.

THE DRUMMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A great Hall.

Enter the BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

BUTLER. There came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

COACHMAN. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

GARDENER. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam, not but that Madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigal did not spoil her—come 'ere's her health.

BUTLER. It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

COACHMAN. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

GARDENER. I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts —I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

BUTLER. Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole:—he'll whisk ye through a key-hole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

COACHMAN. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

BUTLER. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigal is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always loved the wars, and you know was mightily pleased from a child with the music of a drum.

GARDENER. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUTLER. Found! why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

COACHMAN. 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

GARDENER. Ay! how did he appear?

COACHMAN. Like a white horse.

BUTLER. Pho, Robin, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

COACHMAN. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUTLER. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why, a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire horn

pipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACHMAN. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

GARDENER. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time, and often when we don't.

BUTLER. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARDENER. I fancy when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACHMAN. Why may not our parson of the parish lay him?

BUTLER. No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

COACHMAN. Why not he as well as another man?

BUTLER. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.[1]

GARDENER. Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHMAN. How's that?

GARDENER. I'll tell you immediately (*drinks*)—I fancy Mrs. Abigal might scold him out of the house.

COACHMAN. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

BUTLER. Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter—The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

COACHMAN. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

GARDENER. There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him

[1]Test oaths for detecting Catholics and Dissenters.—G.

his own! but, alack, what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

Butler. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter, thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For ought I know, he might flay thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

Gardener. A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing, not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

Butler. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gardener. Why, that's well said, John, an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

Butler and Coachman. Ha! where?

Gardener. The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

Butler. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigal! a good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigal.

Enter Abigal.

Abigal. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house! Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are you not at work in your garden?

Gardener. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

Butler. And so, foorsooth, being all three met together,

we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

GARDENER. For you must know Mrs. Abigal, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACHMAN. I am resolved to give Madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTLER. Truly, Mrs. Abigal, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARDENER. And truly, Mrs. Abigal, I must needs say, I serv'd my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIGAL. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARDENER. Frighten'd! I scorn your words. Frighten'd, quoth-a!

ABIGAL. What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GARDENER. Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTLER. Prithee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIGAL. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [*Aside.*

GARDENER. I scorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him--

BUTLER. Prithee hold thy tongue.

GARDENER. I would take him—

[*The drum beats, the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls*

BUTLER and COACHMAN. Speak to it, Mrs. Abigal.

GARDENER. Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHMAN. Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar.

[*They all run off.*

ABIGAL *sola.*

ABIGAL. So now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer.—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! (*He beats.*) Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*

FANTOME. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIGAL. Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

FANTOME. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigal; Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIGAL. Oh! death may have alter'd you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANTOME. Ay, that's right, let me look never so pale, this cut across my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIGAL. 'Tis just such a one as my master receiv'd from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter inform'd her.

FANTOME. It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir

George's fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIGAL. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANTOME. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIGAL. Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANTOME. Why, really I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

ABIGAL. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

FANTOME. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; do'st not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIGAL. Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

FANTOME. Dear Abigal, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIGAL No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief sake.

FANTOME. But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

ABIGAL I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her

every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANTOME. Prithee make use of all thy art, for I am tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind a wainscot.

ABIGAL. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it besides myself.

FANTOME. Ah! Mrs. Abigal! you have had your intrigues.—

ABIGAL. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

FANTOME. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIGAL. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, lac'd shoes, and good things, that I have had in it!—Pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANTOME. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIGAL. Well, get you gone: you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

FANTOME. I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

ABIGAL. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

FANTOME. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIGAL. I'm undone, I'm undone—(*As he is going in.*) Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANTOME. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it.

[*Fantome goes in.*

ABIGAL. No more words—Vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

ABIGAL (*opening the door*). Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frightened me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY. I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

ABIGAL. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY. Well! an *infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolv'd to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIGAL. Ah, madam! the drum begun to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than us'd to be—

LADY. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. (*Aside.*)—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

ABIGAL. Ay, and should have been your's too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is—Mr Fantome was the best built man one should see in .

summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and lov'd you! Poor soul! how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome!

LADY. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

ABIGAL. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY. I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

ABIGAL. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, 'What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?'

LADY. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, Abigal, a discreet woman might reform him.

ABIGAL. That's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress? Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

LADY. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

ABIGAL. Familiar! madam, in troth, he's down-right rude.

LADY. But that, you know, Abigal, shows he has no dis-

simulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

ABIGAL. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

LADY. But that you know, Abigal, may be only to shew his wit—Then it must be owned he is extremely talkative.

ABIGAL. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's down-right impertinent.

LADY. But that, you know, Abigal, is a sign he has been us'd to good company—Then, indeed, he is very positive.

ABIGAL. Positive! Why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

LADY. But then you know, Abigal, he has been educated at the inns of court.

ABIGAL. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

LADY. You talk as if you hated him.

ABIGAL. You talk as if you lov'd him.

LADY. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL. My dear widow!

ABIGAL. My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

LADY. Let him alone, Abigal, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINSEL. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—Your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moonlight.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIGAL. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses?

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

LADY. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINSEL. Fancy.

LADY. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL. Vapours! vapours! Pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

LADY. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINSEL. Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIGAL. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

TINSEL. Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

ABIGAL. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINSEL. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigal.

ABIGAL. Marry, sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY. Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

ABIGAL. A very pretty subject, indeed, for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain!

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY. Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

TINSEL. Simplicity!

ABIGAL. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye sir?

TINSEL. Foolish enough!

LADY. I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

TINSEL. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word—I'm a Freethinker, child.

ABIGAL. I'm sure you are a free speaker!

LADY. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

TINSEL. To tell you the truth, I have not time to ook into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I fre-

quent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled—

ABIGAL. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

LADY. Why, really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

TINSEL. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—You learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINSEL. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

LADY. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL. Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINSEL. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else?

ABIGAL. Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

TINSEL. But where's this ghost? this son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

ABIGAL. Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master

TINSEL. That's well enough, faith, Nab; dost thou think

thy master is so unreasonable as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle—Did not you marry Sir George to the tune of, 'till death us do part?'

LADY. I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—This fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd coxcomb. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIGAL. Hum—sauce-box. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the playhouse—Oh, we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

TINSEL. Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! But, child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

LADY. No, you're deceived! You must know that it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

TINSEL. How!

ABIGAL. That's well put, madam.

TINSEL. Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

LADY. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINSEL. Something so venerable in it!

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL. For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINSEL. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers Vellum in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.

VELLUM. This letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles—'To Humphry Vellum, Esq., Steward to the Lady Truman.'

'VELLUM,

'I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is

alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn. If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance, he passes for a conjurer, but is, really,

'Your faithful friend,

'G. TRUMAN.'

'P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.'

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living, are manifold—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because the news of his death was first published in Dyer's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly—

Enter BUTLER.

BUTLER. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

VELLUM. Admit him immediately.

BUTLER. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VELLUM. He says right—He is no more than a conjurer Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*

And, Fourthly, As I was saying, because—

Enter BUTLER *with* SIR GEORGE.

BUTLER. Sir, here is the conjurer—what a devilish long

beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

Sir George. Dear Vellum, you have receiv'd my letter: but before we proceed lock the door.

Vellum. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir George. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

Vellum. It is his shape.

Sir George. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

Vellum (*After having looked on Sir George through his spectacles*). It is his face, every lineament!

Sir George. Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

Vellum. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was, in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

Sir George. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vellum. I am—and, moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her ho–nour is a discerning lady.

Sir George. I'm only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

Vellum. Sorely.

SIR GEORGE. How long did her grief last?

VELLUM. Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

SIR GEORGE. Three days, say'st thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O woman! woman!

VELLUM. Grief is twofold.

SIR GEORGE. This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such a time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds—Indeed they became her.

SIR GEORGE. Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation!

VELLUM. But, I must needs say, she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

SIR GEORGE. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM. Her jointure is considerable.

SIR GEORGE. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

VELLUM. Her person is amiable—

SIR GEORGE. Death! [*Aside.*

VELLUM. But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

SIR GEORGE. And has had as many suitors.

VELLUM. Several have made their overtures.

SIR GEORGE. Several!

VELLUM. But she has rejected all.

SIR GEORGE. There thou reviv'st me—but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

VELLUM. He is young.

SIR GEORGE. Does she listen to him?

VELLUM. He is gay.

SIR GEORGE. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

VELLUM. He is not ill made.

SIR GEORGE. Are the vows and protestations that pass'd between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man design'd for my worthy successor?

VELLUM. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months—

SIR GEORGE. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

VELLUM. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho-nour.

SIR GEORGE. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the Drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me, as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the Drummer, and dispossess the house.

VELLUM. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho-nour to admit the trial of your art.

SIR GEORGE. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue—Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho-nour who troubles the house.

SIR GEORGE. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for, I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

VELLUM. I am apt to think so, truly. Ha—ha—ha!

SIR GEORGE. Abigal had always an ascendant over her lady,

and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigal's familiars.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal has of late been very mysterious.

SIR GEORGE. I fancy, Vellum, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your ho–nour's service.

SIR GEORGE. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

SIR GEORGE. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

VELLUM. You act, indeed, a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho–noured master, Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE. O, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business (*Mimicking him.*) You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first, to gain admission for me to your lady, and, secondly, to get the secret out of Abigal.

VELLUM. It sufficeth. [*The scene shuts*

Enter LADY, *sola.*

LADY. Women, who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of them profess'd admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblamable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigal. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intended to consummate as he calls it.

LADY. Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIGAL. Indeed he's a very sad man, madam.

LADY. He's young, Abigal, 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIGAL. Reform him! marry hang him!

LADY. Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIGAL Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

LADY. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIGAL. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

LADY. He's very good natur'd!

ABIGAL. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

LADY. Dost thou think he loves me?

ABIGAL Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

LADY. With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIGAL. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

LADY. He has kept bad company.

ABIGAL. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

LADY. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

ABIGAL. It would be a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

LADY. Well, Abigal, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no further occasion for you at present.

[*Exit Abigal.*

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Madam, is your ho-nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—House-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

LADY. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, Vellum.

VELLUM. (*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.*) A hogshead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—but your ho-nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me

they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer so long as the house continues in this condition.

LADY. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

VELLUM. *Item*, two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—Oh! here I have him—and an ox—Your ho–nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread.—*Item*, three barrels of table beer—They must have drink with their meat.

LADY. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. *Item*, to Mr. Tinsel's servants, five bottles of port wine—It was by your ho–nour's order—*Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigal.

LADY. I suppose that was by your own order.

VELLUM. We have been long friends, we are your ho–nour's ancient servants, sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants when they are tardy in their bus'ness! he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

LADY. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

VELLUM. *Item*, a dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the servants.

LADY. For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wit's end. Vellum, what wou'd you advise me to do?

VELLUM. Madam, your ho–nour has two points to consider *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which so many strangers bring upon you.—Secondly, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

LADY. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

VELLUM. I beseech your ho-nour to give me the hearing.

LADY. I do. But, prithee, take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VELLUM. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a—

LADY. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VELLUM. Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this Drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

LADY. Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

VELLUM. It can do us no harm, my lady.

LADY. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

VELLUM. I cannot say I do; there is no danger, however, in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VELLUM. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;—no cure, no money.

LADY That circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one

believe there is more in his art than one wou'd imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

BUTLER. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARDENER. What's the matter? hast thou got any more tales for us?

BUTLER. No, 'tis better than that.

COACHMAN. Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUTLER. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

GARDENER. What! is he a lord?

BUTLER. A lord! No, nothing like it.—He's a conjurer.

COACHMAN. A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

BUTLER. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

COACHMAN. Ay, marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUTLER. He's lock'd up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARDENER. Prithee John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer.

BUTLER. Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

COACHMAN. Look ye Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer shou'd have a long grey beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARDENER. Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he

spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Do'st think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

BUTLER. Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! Thou do'st not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

GARDENER. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

BUTLER. No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge,—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHMAN. You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARDENER. I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

BUTLER. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACHMAN. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

BUTLER. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARDENER. If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACHMAN. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTLER. No, no, I wou'd advise madam to spare no cost. If

the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever.

COACHMAN. Ay, marry, that wou'd spoil his drum for him.

GARDENER. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

COACHMAN. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARDENER. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

BUTLER. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning man before-hand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages—But hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigal, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARDENER. Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigal well laid, too—we should lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers SIR GEORGE *in* VELLUM'S *Office.*

SIR GEORGE. I wonder I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact

behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it. *Enter Vellum.*

Well Vellum, I m impatient to hear your success.

VELLUM. First, let me lock the door.

SIR GEORGE. Will your lady admit me?

VELLUM. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

SIR GEORGE. Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VELLUM. Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

SIR GEORGE. What says your lady?

VELLUM. This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

SIR GEORGE. Does she admit me?

VELLUM. I have gain'd admission for you as a conjurer.

SIR GEORGE. That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

VELLUM. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

SIR GEORGE. Did she ask no questions about me?

VELLUM. Sundry—She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

SIR GEORGE. But when?

VELLUM. Immediately. This instant.

SIR GEORGE. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloak—have you yet met with Abigal?

VELLUM. I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

SIR GEORGE. Let thee alone for that, Vellum, I have

merly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! This is a most venerable cloak. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM. He, he, he! wou'd you make a conjurer of your steward?

SIR GEORGE. Prithee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VELLUM. And what will your ho–nour do with your cast beard?

SIR GEORGE. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the cloak, thou would'st make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

VELLUM. A fine taper stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

SIR GEORGE. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAL *crossing the stage,* TINSEL *following.*

TINSEL. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast?

ABIGAL. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

TINSEL. What? Goodman Two-fold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antic ue. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

ABIGAL What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

TINSEL. Prithee, Nabby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

ABIGAL. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

TINSEL. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come here, hussy, give me a kiss: don't be ill-natur'd.

ABIGAL. Sir, I know how to be civil. (*Kisses her.*)—This rogue will carry off my lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigal. I must get thee a husband.

ABIGAL. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

TINSEL. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

ABIGAL. Laud, how you talk!

TINSEL. This is a thundering dog.

ABIGAL. What is he?

TINSEL. A private gentleman.

ABIGAL. Ay! where does he live?

TINSEL. In the Horse-Guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIGAL. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

TINSEL. He's but five and twenty years old.

ABIGAL. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

TINSEL. No man better, child; he'll tye a wig, toss a dye, make a pass, and swear with such a grace as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIGAL. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate.—Pray what has he?

TINSEL. Not a farthing.

ABIGAL. Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside*

TINSEL. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

ABIGAL How?

TINSEL. Why look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

ABIGAL. (*Aside.*) This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark! my lady's a coming!

TINSEL. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

ABIGAL. Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Abigal.*

TINSEL. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid.—But I shall rid the house of her.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjuror, and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. She loves me to distraction, I see that. (*Aside.*)—Prithee, widow, explain thyself.

LADY. You must know here is a strange sort of man come to town who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

TINSEL. Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

LADY. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINSEL. Oh! I warrant he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Chris-

tendom—I think thy four chief domestics are—a wither'd Abigal —a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

LADY (*mimicking Tinsel*). And you wou'd have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

TINSEL. It's a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. (*Aside.*)—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter VELLUM *and* SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit.*

VELLUM. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her ho-nour.

SIR GEORGE. I know it well. [*Exit Vellum*

(*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*) That dear woman! The sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for tenderness, did not I at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the Zodiac?

SIR GEORGE. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities—

TINSEL. Mars? Prithee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

SIR GEORGE. The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

TINSEL. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soor.

—Hark thee old Gadbury, is not Mars very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

SIR GEORGE. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

TINSEL. A word in your ear, Doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

SIR GEORGE (*aside, walking disturb'd*). Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

LADY. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

SIR GEORGE. My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINSEL. I shou'd guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Prithee, tell me, was't not thou born before the flood?

LADY. Truly I shou'd guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grand-children with beards of a foot long.

SIR GEORGE. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

LADY. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

TINSEL. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

SIR GEORGE. Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to Tinsel.*

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

TINSEL. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY. Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

SIR GEORGE. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

TINSEL. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

LADY. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on Doctor.

SIR GEORGE. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINSEL. Prithee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?[1]

SIR GEORGE. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

TINSEL. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

SIR GEORGE. Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of—

TINSEL. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

SIR GEORGE. He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—Ay—'tis so!

TINSEL. You son of a whore! I'll run ye through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer—

LADY. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL. An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

LADY. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a

[1] Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free,
Stark, staring mad. DRYDEN.

Bedlam had been removed a few years before to Moorfields. See also the letter from the gentleman in Moorfields, in the Spectator.—G.

mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir George. Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will shew your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

Tinsel. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

Sir George. I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies —And, lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves.

[*Exit Sir George.*

Tinsel. The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

Tinsel. No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigal.

Abigal. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

LADY. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.*

ABIGAL *sola.* Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty)—she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward—Madam Vellum!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be call'd Fantome. But see Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM *with a pint of sack.*

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIGAL. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

VELLUM I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIGAL. Pray set it down—I have a dram glass just by—
[*Brings in a rummer*
I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

VELLUM. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigal.

ABIGAL. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal, your name seldom appears in my

bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigal. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

VELLUM. Why, truly, Mrs. Abigal, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIGAL. Your debtor; for what Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM. For my heart, Mrs. Abigal—And our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigal! when will you be out of my debt?

ABIGAL. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—My humble service to you.

VELLUM. I must answer you, Mrs. Abigal, in the country phrase—'Your love is sufficient.' Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

VELLUM. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigal, since I first broke my mind to you—It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*—We have convers'd together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. Abigal, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he,—Mrs. Abigal, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIGAL. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal, I have a trifle about me, which I wou'd willingly make you a present of. It is, indeed, but a little toy.

ABIGAL. You are always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM. It is but a little toy—scarce worth your accept ance.

ABIGAL. Pray do not keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr Vellum?

VELLUM. A silver thimble.

ABIGAL. I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

VELLUM. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigal—You have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIGAL. Oh fye! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion.—

[*A feign'd struggle.*

VELLUM. This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle—But why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIGAL. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigal, has a pretty neighbour—A wedding ring would become it mightily—He, he, he!

ABIGAL. You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

VELLUM. I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VELLUM. Indeed I am serious.

ABIGAL. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VELLUM. I shou'd as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIGAL. I have always taken your part before my lady.

VELLUM. You have so, and I have item'd it in my memory.

ABIGAL. For I have always look'd upon your interest as my own.

VELLUM. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIGAL. I must strike while the iron's hot. (*Aside.*)—Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VELLUM. How? Speak that again!

ABIGAL. Why then in plain English, I love you.

VELLUM. I'm overjoyed!

ABIGAL. I must own my passion for you.

VELLUM. I'm transported! [*Catches her in his arms.*

ABIGAL. Dear charming man!

VELLUM. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it—prithee my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIGAL. Marry him! my love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell wou'd send all the old servants a grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VELLUM. Prithee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIGAL. This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VELLUM. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

ABIGAL. Since we are now as good as man and wife—I

mean almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM. Certainly my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy helpmate, thy own flesh and blood!

ABIGAL. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he are coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM. Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIGAL. Here, take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM. We shall have much issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

VELLUM. John, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive

BUTLER. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that.—I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business, I wou'd have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plates and glasses, laid in a method.

BUTLER. Ah, Master Vellum, you are such a sweet spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM. Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUTLER. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all day.

VELLUM. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within

your province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUTLER. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

VELLUM. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

BUTLER. Why, look you Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid shou'd have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VELLUM. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—But he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTLER. Marry, Master Vellum, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

BUTLER. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VELLUM. He is married, and he is not.—He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

BUTLER. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master Vellum, you cou'd make a riddle. The same man old and young! How do you make that out, Master Vellum?

VELLUM. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUTLER. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer shou'd be like a serpent.

VELLUM. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUTLER. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VELLUM. That time will show.

BUTLER. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VELLUM. I did not intend thou should'st—But to our business—Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUTLER. Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by.—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

BUTLER. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

VELLUM. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigal! I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

BUTLER. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. [*Exit Butler.*

VELLUM *solus.*

VELLUM. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them—But see Mrs. Abigal! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIGAL. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the

wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surpris'd.

VELLUM. That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIGAL. I'll speak low—walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

VELLUM. But hark you ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

ABIGAL. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VELLUM. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

ABIGAL. You will always be waggish.

VELLUM. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIGAL. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VELLUM. Adieu my pretty one.

ABIGAL. Adieu sweet Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. My pretty one— [*As he is going off.*

ABIGAL. Dear Mr. Vellum!

VELLUM. My pretty one! [*Exit Vellum.*

ABIGAL *sola.*

ABIGAL. I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[*Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

ABIGAL. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[*Fantome raps again.*

ABIGAL. Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and FANTOME *comes out.*

ABIGAL. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

FANTOME. Well, Mrs. Abigal, I want to hear what is a-doing in the world.

ABIGAL. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANTOME I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

ABIGAL. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANTOME. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIGAL. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

FANTOME. My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIGAL. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

FANTOME. Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect.

ABIGAL. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANTOME. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of

love—And let me tell thee, Abigal, a man who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it—But I'll mend my manners.

ABIGAL. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow—Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANTOME. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIGAL. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANTOME. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—I mean my Lady Truman.

ABIGAL. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

FANTOME. That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. (*Kisses her.*) Nectar and Ambrosia!

ABIGAL. That's very well—

FANTOME. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you—

ABIGAL. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

FANTOME. What, thus?

ABIGAL. Thus? Ay—Now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANTOME. Transport and ecstasy! where am I!—my life, my bliss!—I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

ABIGAL. Go on, go on.

FANTOME. Flames and darts—Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIGAL. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANTOME. This will do then, Abigal?

ABIGAL. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANTOME. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

ABIGAL. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANTOME. Let me alone with both of them.

ABIGAL. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour.

[*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigal.*

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL. Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM. Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar; I am not used to be called so by any but their ho–nours. (*Aside.*) —What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINSEL. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM. What is that, good sir?

TINSEL. Prithee, run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

VELLUM. The rent-roll?

TINSEL. The rent-roll? Ay, the rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

VELLUM. Why? have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

TINSEL. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VELLUM. The purchase will be considerable.

TINSEL. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

VELLUM. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?—he, he, he!

TINSEL. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

VELLUM. An insolent companion! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

VELLUM. An ungracious bird! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

VELLUM. A very profligate! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

VELLUM. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. (*Aside.*) And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me? [*Stifling a laugh.*

TINSEL. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VELLUM. What do you think of five hundred pounds?—Ha ha, ha!

TINSEL. That's too little.

VELLUM. And yet it is more than I shall give you—And I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINSEL. Prithee, what are they?

VELLUM. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal: and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit Vellum.*

TINSEL. This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel! what, all alone? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINSEL. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

LADY. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

TINSEL. Yes, yes, he looks like a put—a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

TINSEL. What, I suppose he goes to church.

LADY. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

TINSEL. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

TINSEL. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou would'st not for the world marry a Sabbath-breaker!

LADY. Truly, they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you you were short-liv'd.

TINSEL. The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Indeed you're very witty!

TINSEL. Indeed you're very handsome.

[*Kisses her hand.*

LADY. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion—Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

LADY. The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

TINSEL. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

LADY. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel—What pretty transformations you could make in my house—But I'll see where 'twill end.

TINSEL. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in China, my dear.

LADY. I perceive you are an excellent manager—How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINSEL. Now, hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you—

LADY. Very well, let me hear.

TINSEL. You have an old-fashioned gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

LADY. I have: what then?

TINSEL. Why, look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

LADY. Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But,

pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINSEL. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

LADY. I see you do, sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

TINSEL. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious; and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY. Believe me, sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

TINSEL. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

LADY. I shou'd be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

TINSEL. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

LADY. Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel—

TINSEL. Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then than thou art now?

LADY. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

TINSEL. Ah, my dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

LADY. But what wou'd people think?

TINSEL. Think! why they wou'd think thee the mirror of widow-hood.—That a woman shou'd live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

LADY. Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

TINSEL. I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

LADY. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

TINSEL. Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

TINSEL. Innocent enough, He, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINSEL. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

LADY. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

TINSEL. About this time, say'st thou? Come, faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

LADY. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

TINSEL. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! Dost not hear him?

LADY. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

TINSEL. Why, both! my dear — I'm glad, however, that she

has taken notice of my teeth. (*Aside.*) But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

LADY. Don't talk so rashly.

TINSEL. Why, my dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TINSEL. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now.—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

TINSEL. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

LADY. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. I'll tell thee what, now, widow — I wou'd engage by the help of a white sheet and a penny-worth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. (*Drum beats.*)—Hark! hark! what noise is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY. It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL. 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

LADY. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

TINSEL. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt for a little harmless raillery.

LADY. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break through the wall.

TINSEL What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?—(*Scene opens and discovers Fantome.*) Mercy on us! it appears

LADY. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

TINSEL. Now wou'd I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. (*Fantome advances to him drumming.*)—I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. (*Fantome still advances drumming.*)—By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest, (*falls on his knees*) have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb—(*Fantome points to the door.*) But see he waves me off—ay, with all my heart—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

FANTOME. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover And then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAL *and Servants.*

ABIGAL. Oh my poor lady! This wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. (*They carry her off.*) This is a little barbarous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she wou'd not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends shou'd blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand pound and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit, the* BUTLER *marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

BUTLER. An't please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

SIR GEORGE. Thou say'st well.

GARDENER. An't please your conjurership's worship, shall I set the table down here?

SIR GEORGE. Here, Peter.

GARDENER. Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

COACHMAN. I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

SIR GEORGE. Place it there.

BUTLER. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

SIR GEORGE. Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTLER. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges —wou'd you chuse to write with a crow quill?

SIR GEORGE. There is none better.

BUTLER. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlor.

COACHMAN. (*To the Gardener.*) Peter, prithee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUTLER. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

GARDENER Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEORGE *solus.* There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter GARDENER *with a sheet of paper*, COACHMAN *with a standish, and* BUTLER *with a pen.*

GARDENER. Sir, there is your paper.

COACHMAN. Sir, there is your standish.

BUTLER. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

GARDENER. He forgets that he's to make a circle—(*Aside.*) Doctor shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

SIR GEORGE. It is no matter.

BUTLER. Look ye, sir, I show'd you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room—.

SIR GEORGE. We shall try.

GARDENER. That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTLER. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

SIR GEORGE. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

GARDENER. John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a conjurer.

BUTLER. I'll take this opportunity of inquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

SIR GEORGE. What would'st thou!

BUTLER. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

SIR GEORGE. Mark'd with a swan's neck—

BUTLER. My lady's crest! He knows every thing. (*Aside*) How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

SIR GEORGE. Hum!

BUTLER. What must I do to come at it?

SIR GEORGE. Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight—

BUTLER. Small-beer! Rot-gut!

SIR GEORGE. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd—it is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

BUTLER. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

COACHMAN. D'ye mind how they whisper?

GARDENER. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell—

COACHMAN. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he cou'd give me better counsel than the farrier.

BUTLER. (*To the Gardener.*) A prodigious man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-axe.

GARDENER. I have nothing to give him: does he not expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

COACHMAN. (*To Sir George.*) Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

SIR GEORGE. Ask it.

COACHMAN. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched —

SIR GEORGE. A bay gelding.

COACHMAN. How could he know that?— [*Aside*

SIR GEORGE. Bought at Banbury.

COACHMAN. Whew—so it was o' my conscience. [*Whistles*

SIR GEORGE. Six years old last Lammas.

COACHMAN. To a day. (*Aside.*) Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by Goody Crouch, or Goody Flye?

SIR GEORGE. Neither.

COACHMAN. Then it must be Goody Gurton! for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

GARDENER. Hast thou done, Robin?

COACHMAN. (*To the Gardener.*) He can tell thee any thing.

GARDENER. (*To Sir George.*) Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

SIR GEORGE. Speak.

GARDENER. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

SIR GEORGE. A woman.

GARDENER. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Go on.

GARDENER. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

SIR GEORGE. Twins.

GARDENER. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Proceed.

GARDENER. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both—

SIR GEORGE. To thee.

GAILDENER. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Hast thou done?

GARDENER. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both.

SIR GEORGE. Stand before me, let me survey thee round. (*Lays his wand upon his head and makes him turn about.*)

COACHMAN. Look yonder John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

SIR GEORGE. Twins dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*

GARDENER. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

SIR GEORGE. Own but one of them.

GARDENER. Ah, but Mrs. Abigal will have me take care of them both—she's always for the Butler—If my poor master Sir George had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

SIR GEORGE. What, was Sir George a kind master?

GARDENER. Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

SIR GEORGE. Did ye love Sir George?

BUTLER. Every body lov'd him—

COACHMAN. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death—

GARDENER. He was the best neighbour—

BUTLER. The kindest husband—

COACHMAN. The truest friend to the poor—

BUTLER. My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the death of her—

SIR GEORGE. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Have you provided the doctor ev'ry thing he has occasion for? if so—you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEORGE. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It wou'd neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. (*Aside.*) Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

VELLUM. It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow—

SIR GEORGE. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke—prithee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM. She is pretty well recover'd, Mrs. Abigal has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

SIR GEORGE. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigal. But I cou'd not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus—

VELLUM. You will still fancy you are a living man—

SIR GEORGE. That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife.

VELLUM. You have no right in her, after your demise: death extinguishes all property.—*Quoad hanc*—It is a maxim in the law.

SIR GEORGE. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel.

VELLUM. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse,

clapp'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

SIR GEORGE. This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day—Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

VELLUM. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE. Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. (*Aside.*) Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor, Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives. You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—

SIR GEORGE. Then hear me.

VELLUM. It is indeed the life of business—

SIR GEORGE. Hear me then, I say.

VELLUM. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First—

SIR GEORGE. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

VELLUM. But your ho-nour will not give me the hearing—

SIR GEORGE. Thou wilt not give me the hearing.

[*Angrily.*

VELLUM. I am still.

SIR GEORGE. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigal has described the ghost to you

VELLUM. It shall be done.

SIR GEORGE. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

VELLUM. It shall be done—But since her ho-nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

SIR GEORGE. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigal any thing of the secret.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigal is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it; I shall only mention six—

SIR GEORGE. Hush, here she comes! Oh my heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAL.

SIR GEORGE. (*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.*) O that lov'd woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture waving his hand.*

LADY. (*To Vellum.*) This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

ABIGAL. (*Aside.*) A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them. [*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigal.*

LADY. Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

SIR GEORGE. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

LADY. What can you learn from that?

SIR GEORGE. I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY. Pray, what is it?

SIR GEORGE. You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIGAL. (*Aside.*) I'm glad to hear that—He must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

LADY. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

SIR GEORGE. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIGAL. Mr. Fantome to be sure. [*Aside.*

LADY. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

SIR GEORGE. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIGAL. (*Aside.*) I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY. Alas! you did not know Sir George.

SIR GEORGE. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

LADY. This is astonishing!

SIR GEORGE. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter

With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your Mamma!

LADY. Every circumstance to a tittle!

SIR GEORGE. Then, lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white satin night-gown? you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—you struggled—but he was too strong for you—You blush'd. He—

LADY. Oh! stop there! go no farther!—He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

ABIGAL. Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

SIR GEORGE. Mrs. Abigal, you know what your good word cost Sir George, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigal—

ABIGAL. The devil's in him. (*Aside.*) Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

SIR GEORGE. 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thrust them into your bosom.

ABIGAL. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. (*Aside.*) Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab—

LADY. Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—It has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

SIR GEORGE. I must to that end be sincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

LADY. I have been obliged to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

SIR GEORGE. Was not Tinsel welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

LADY. He was well recommended.

SIR GEORGE. Racks! [*Aside.*

LADY. Of a good family.

SIR GEORGE. Tortures! [*Aside.*

LADY. Heir to a considerable estate!

SIR GEORGE. Death! (*Aside.*) And you still love him?—I'm distracted! [*Aside.*

LADY. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!—

SIR GEORGE. I'm recover'd. [*Aside.*

ABIGAL. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he look'd when he left your ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

SIR GEORGE. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

LADY. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

SIR GEORGE. This quite o'erpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time. (*Aside.*)—Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY. Success attend you!

ABIGAL. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigal*

SIR GEORGE *solus.*

SIR GEORGE. My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her—Now for my revenge upon Fantome.—I shall cut the ceremonies short—A few words will do his business—Now let me seat myself in form—A good easy chair for a conjurer this!—Now for a few mathematical scratches—a good lucky scrawl, that—faith, I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat conjurer's scheme. (*Drum beats.*) Ha, ha, ha, sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now must I pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating his drum.*

SIR GEORGE. Prithee don't make a noise, I'm busy. (*Fantome beats.*)—A pretty march! prithee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

SIR GEORGE. (*Rising.*) Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. (*Fantome advances.*)—How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigal's wardrobe. (*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his drum.*)—Prithee don't play the fool! (*Fantome beats.*)—Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

FANTOME. (*Aside.*) Death! I'm discover'd. This jade Abigal has betrayed me.

SIR GEORGE. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

FANTOME. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

FANTOME. (*To Sir George.*) Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigal.

SIR GEORGE. I have learn'd it from my art.

FANTOME. Thy art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.

SIR GEORGE. I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

FANTOME. I'll make them up twenty.—

SIR GEORGE. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall—

FANTOME. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frighten'd with bugbears.

SIR GEORGE. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art—

FANTOME. Why, if thou hast any *hocus pocus* tricks to play, why can'st not do them here?

SIR GEORGE. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private—

FANTOME. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

SIR GEORGE. I will—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME *solus.*

FANTOME. A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him,—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have used me thus—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his own habit.*

FANTOME. Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he died! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp.

[*Runs off.*

SIR GEORGE. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George—The enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.

ABIGAL. Yonder he is. O'my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

SIR GEORGE. Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIGAL. Oh! 'tis my master. [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

SIR GEORGE. Good Mrs. Abigal not so fast.

ABIGAL. Are you alive, sir?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

SIR GEORGE. What do'st think?

ABIGAL. Think, sir? Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, sir, how—

SIR GEORGE. No questions, good Abigal. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in good time. Where's your lady?

ABIGAL. Oh, I'm so frighted—and so glad!—

SIR GEORGE. Where's your lady, I ask you—

ABIGAL. Marry I don't know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for joy—

SIR GEORGE. Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more—

ABIGAL. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

SIR GEORGE. Then he has opened the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter LADY *followed by* VELLUM.

LADY. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

SIR GEORGE. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

SIR GEORGE. My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

SIR GEORGE. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmix'd. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY. I am now satisfy'd that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

SIR GEORGE. And I am satisfy'd that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men

LADY. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a

kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir George. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

Butler. Just as the steward told us, lads! look ye there, if he ben't with my lady already.

Gardener. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

Coachman. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

Gardener. Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

Coachman. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir George. (*To Lady.*) My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

Butler. Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

Coachman. The same good man that ever he was!

Gardener. Whurra!

Sir George. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st Abigal, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pounds with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

LADY. What you do for Abigal, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

ABIGAL. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

SIR GEORGE. Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

VELLUM. The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too:
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:
And so we bid good-night to both your ho-nour

THE EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

To-night the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who, in my equipage their cause debating,
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting,
If both the first should from their duty swerve
There's one behind the wainscote in reserve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.
My help thus ask'd, I could not chuse but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckoldom,
No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd;
And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no,
But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage;
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale.
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

CATO,

A Tragedy.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN DRURY LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam tertibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. DE DIVIN. PROV.

"The next year (1713), in which Cato came upon the stage, was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato, he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the first four acts finished, which were shewn to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope and by Cibber, who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shewn in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose it to the censure of a British audience.

"The time however was now come, when those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

"To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts, like a task, performed with reluctance and hurried to its conclusion."[1]—JOHNSON, *Life of Addison*, pp. 84, 85.

"The tragedy of Cato, which, contrary to the rule observed in selecting the works of other poets, has by the weight of its character forced its way into the late collection, is unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius. Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has been not unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here 'excites or assuages emotion:' here is 'no magical power of raising phantastic terror or wild anxiety.' The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing or what they are suffering, we wish

[1] Alfieri says that the Fifth Act should be short and the action rapid. G.

only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention; for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

"When Cato was shewn to Pope,[1] he advised the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition; supposing that it would be read more favourably than heard. Addison declared himself of the same opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the stage. The emulation of parties made it successful beyond expectation; and its success has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy.

"The universality of applause, however it might quell the censure of common mortals, had no other effect than to harden Dennis in fixed dislike; but his dislike was not merely capricious. He found and shewed many faults; he shewed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteness, such as ought to rescue his criticism from oblivion; though, at last, it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to oppress."—*Id.* pp. 110, 111.

"The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric; and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the tories; between Sempronius and the apostate whigs; between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

"Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury-lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr. Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the peers in opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the inns of court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert

[1] Spence.

Heathcote, governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city: warm men and true whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garroway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

"These precautions were quite superfluous. The tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest—professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies—to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit-Cat was re-echoed by the high churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

"The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the ministry, held similar language. The tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play; and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favourite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

"Of the jests by which the triumph of the whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator.[1]

1 "The long sway of the Duke of Marlborough," says Miss Aikin, "was here glanced at." Under favour, if Bolingbroke had meant no more than this, his sarcasm would have been pointless. The allusion was to the attempt which Marlborough had made to convert the captain-generalship into a patent office, to be held by himself for life. The patent was stopped by Lord Cowper.

"It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, Cato was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury-lane company went down to the act at Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

"About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with Athalie, Zaire, or Saul, but, we think, not below Cinna; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school —above many of the plays of Corneille—above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri—and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that Cato did as much as the Tatlers, Spectators, and Freeholders united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

"The modesty and good nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party spirit. It was by a zealous whig that the fiercest attack on the whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published Remarks on Cato, which were written with some acuteness, and with much coarseness and asperity. But Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated."—MACAULAY, *Essays* (Addison), pp. 153–156.

"It may not be a matter of great importance to ascertain when and where this tragedy was written; but as the accounts are conflicting, and place the veracity of some of the parties in jeopardy, it may be as well, notwithstanding the point has been touched on, to endeavour to reconcile these contradictory assertions.

"Tickell assures us, that 'he took up the design of writing a play upon this subject when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands.' Tonson affirms, that he wrote 'the *four* first acts abroad.' Doctor Young says 'He wrote them all *five* at Oxford, and sent them from thence to Dryden, to my knowledge.' Pope reports, that 'the love part was flung in after, to comply with the popular taste; and that the last act was not written till six or seven years after, when he came home.' Johnson informs us, that Addison being unwilling to resume his work, 'desired Mr. Hughes to *add a fifth act.* Hughes supposed him to be serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination;—

but he had in the mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed.

"Tickell's account of four acts being written at the university is strongly supported by the nature of the testimony afforded by all the other accounts, excepting Dr. Young's: for Tonson, Pope, Johnson, and Hughes, only speak of four acts. It is highly probable that Addison remitted his juvenile effort at tragedy to Dryden; and it is not unlikely that Dr. Young, who mentions this circumstance, might have mistaken the number of acts, or hastily concluded that an imperfect work would not have been remitted to Dryden. Tickell's incidental observation of there not being of that effort 'a line as it now stands,' and that he performed the work abroad, and retouched it in England, supports the declaration of Tonson, that four acts were seen by him at Rotterdam; and shows that Pope had some foundation for his report, 'that the love-scenes were thrown in after.' Johnson says, 'Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action, that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for, if it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the four acts filled in the first draught?' The remark is, in my opinion, true; and he who has ever woven the contexture of a dramatic plot must know, that it would be next to impossible to introduce and completely infuse into the web one of the most important and uniting threads with every varying shade, harmonizing with the previously finished portion. The two interrogations seem to imply the same question, and therefore require this one answer,—a barren outline which could lead to no dramatic climax; an unformed mass, unfit either for the closet or the stage.

"I will propose, with humility, a solution of the enigma. Addison wrote four acts of a tragedy when at the university, and sent them to Dryden. After his judgment had become riper, and his taste more formed, he became displeased with his performance, yet remained satisfied with the subject. He erased all that his better judgment pointed out to him as unfit to stand, and retained all those thoughts he approved. With these materials, he, while abroad, may be said to have rewritten the four first acts, and to have added the fifth in England, when Hughes was composing the supplementary act. This solution at least removes the dilemma in which the various accounts had placed the authors of them, and shows that there was not more variation in their accounts than is seen every day in the details of occurrences in which all the witnesses intend to tell the truth."—Ogle, *Life of Addison*, pp. 56–60.

The reader may be pleased to see Pope's account of the first representation. It is in a letter to Sir William Turnbull.[1]

[1] For fair specimens of the art of puffing in Queen Ann's day see Nos. 39, 49, and 59 of the Guardian.—G.

. . . . "As to poetica. affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion,

> 'Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue writer, who was clapped into a staunch whig at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applause of the opposite faction, my lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily: in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies.——POPE'S *works*.

"When this triumphant performance had been continued, as it should seem, during a greater number of nights than any play had before been suffered to run, the publication was of course the next step. This ordeal, which has proved too severe for many of the best acting plays, had in it nothing formidable for Cato. If the wise man of the Stoics, with his solemn dignity and impassive virtue, had been invested by the poet in his last tragic scene with enough of human interest to engage the sympathies of an audience, there could be little doubt of his conciliating the admiration and esteem of the reader. In effect, the experience of more than a century has now shown, that although this noble work may occasionally be restored to the stage with success during some particular states of political feeling, and when aided by the powers of an actor distinguished by the talent of impressive declamation, and endowed with sufficient dignity of figure and carriage fitly to impersonate the noble Roman, it is scarcely to be reckoned in the ordinary list of stock plays; but so long as English literature exists, it can scarcely lose its rank among closet pieces. Thus Dr. Johnson, after remarking with much more than enough of severity, on the failure of all the subordinate characters strongly to attract affection or esteem, adds, that "they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory." The eminent

applicability of the last remark is evinced by the extraordinary number of *quoted lines*, with which Cato, even more than the other poems of Addison has enriched our language of this number are the following:

"The woman who deliberates is lost."
——"Plant daggers in my heart."
"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."
"The pale unripen'd beauties of the north."
"'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of the skin that I admire."
"Painful pre-eminence."
"Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country!"

"These and others of the fine thoughts and pointed expressions with which the piece abounds, still circulate among us like current coin, though often now passed, it may be feared, with little thought or knowledge of the mint which issued them.

"When Dr. Johnson remarks, that the success of Cato 'has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance and chill philosophy,' he overlooks, or possibly was unskilled to explore, a more probable origin of the faults which he indicates, and which he has himself exemplified. These are found in Philips, Rowe, Hughes, and other contemporaries, to at least as great a degree as in Addison, in whom they are palliated, if not entirely justified, by the nature of his subject: and they may surely be traced to imitation of the masters of French tragedy, whose genius, like the ambition of their monarch, had gone near to giving law to all Europe. With respect to Philip's Distressed Mother, this origin is unquestionable, and little less so with respect to Cato; since Addison always expressed himself concerning Corneille and Racine with marked esteem, and seems to have laid the plan and begun the execution of his tragedy during his long sojourn at Blois, while he was making the study of the French language his principal occupation. In the conduct of his plot he has made considerable sacrifices to a rigid observance of the unities of time and place, as laid down by Aristotle, and it can scarcely be doubted that this restraint, unknown to our earlier dramatists, was imposed upon him as an indispensable law by the precepts and practice of the French school of dramatic art.

"That the tragedy of Cato does not appeal strongly to the passions, may be frankly conceded; but whatever be said of its 'unaffecting elegance and chill philosophy,' it is at least free from the error which Boileau so forcibly remarked to Addison himself in the manner of Corneille. The speakers run neither into description nor declamation unconnected with the business of the scene, or unsuited to the persons or the occasion. Severe correctness and good taste preside alike over the sentiments and the diction.

"The versification, though deficient in the richness and variety of pause which charms in our elder dramatists, and like all blank verse at this period, constructed with too much resemblance to the rhymed couplet, is yet easy and graceful; and certainly far preferable to that of Rowe, then the most popular tragic writer."—AIKIN, *Life of Addison*, pp. 192–194.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

While you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While *envy is itself in wonder lost,*
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my [a] light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

Richard Steele.

Tho' Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
Tho' Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.

[a] Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakespear's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sybils' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
His annual race shall thro' the Zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:"
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,——
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG

All-Soul's College, Oxon.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To show, how endless joys from freedom spring.
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies

Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, I'm satisfy'd.
See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From *blooming mountains*, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough was your daring song
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests *you* enlarg'd your fame.

With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose;
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound,
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear,
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how 'the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?'
While hurricanes 'in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.

When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel,
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.

You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right,)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight,

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.

The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THOS. TICKELL.

Queen's College, Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbru'd;
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
He rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!

Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heaven, she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All-Souls College, Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.[a]

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:

[a] George Jeffereys, Esq. Gent. Mag. xxiii. 45.

And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue
So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late, reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd,
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.

O! sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm;
Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trode the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even then proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye.
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend:[a] be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

[a] *Britons attend.* Altered thus by the author, from "*Britons arise,*" to humour, we are told, the timid delicacy of Mr. Addison, who was in pain least that fierce word "*arise,*" should be misconstrued (see Mr. Warburton's edition of Pope, *Imitations of Horace,* ep. 1, b. 1.) One is apt, indeed, to think this caution excessive; but there was ground enough for it, as will be seen, if we reflect, that the poet himself had made Sempronius talk in this strain.—"*Rise Romans, rise,*" (act ii. sc. 1;) a clear comment (it would have been said, in that furious time) on the line in question.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO,	MR. BOOTH.
LUCIUS, a Senator,	MR. KEEN.
SEMPRONIUS, a Senator,	MR. MILLS.
JUBA, Prince of Numidia,	MR. WILKS.
SYPHAX, General of the Numidians,	MR. CIBBER.
PORTIUS, Sons of Cato,	MR. POWELL.
MARCUS, Sons of Cato,	MR. RYAN.
DECIUS, Ambassador from Cæsar,	MR. BOWMAN.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, Daughter to CATO,	MRS. OLDFIELD
LUCIA, Daughter to LUCIUS,	MRS. PORTER.

SCENE, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

CATO.[a]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome[b]—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

[a] While the present humour of idolizing Shakespear continues, no quarter will be given to this poem; though it be the master-piece of the author, and was the pride of the age in which it was written.—But a time will come, when, not as a tragedy, indeed, (for which the subject was unfit) but, as a work of art and taste, it will be supremely admired by all candid and judicious critics.

[b] This opening of the drama is too solemn and declamatory. The *author* speaks,—not his "*Persona dramatis.*" Horace has given a caution against this misconduct, in his ridicule of "*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum,*" which was addressed to the tragic, as well as, epic poet.

MARCUS. Thy steady temper, Portius,[a]
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view —I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARCUS. Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,

[a] This a little palliates the indecorum, just now observed; and may let us see, that the poet himself was aware of it (so exact was his taste); but it does not wholly excuse it.

And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart,[a] and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

PORTIUS. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war

[a] A strange unnatural phrase: which yet hath made its fortune in modern tragedy. Besides, if these words have any meaning, it was ridiculous to add "*aggravate my other griefs.*"

Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

PORTIUS. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS. O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—But Sempronius comes;
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS. Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth.* I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult

* *Cold youth.* Finely observed. Men of cold passions have quick eyes, and are no fit company for such men as Sempronius; whether they speak from *the heart, or dissemble;* hence, the indignant reproof of his passion, and the abrupt departure from his flatteries.

If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS. Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,*
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

PORTIUS. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.

* Wonderfully exact, both in the sentiment, and expression.—The imagery, too, is in character; the speaker being a person of the purest virtue, and a Roman.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS, *solus.* Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire?
Ambitiously sententious!—but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
——Cato has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. ——Sempronius, all is ready,
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even while we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on

From war to war in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX. Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues;—but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS. Be sure to press upon him every motive
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion[a] ('tis the surest way;)

[a] When a plain man, like Sempronius, turns villain, he loves to flatter himself, and to be flattered by others, into an opinion of his own cunning: hence the boast—"*Let me alone, good Syphax,*" &c., and hence too, the adroit answer to that boast—

"In troth thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit."

I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX *solus.* I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason

But something more must be observed, to let us into the artifice of the following scenes. The vices of men are shaped and modified by their general character. The character of a Roman was that of *virtue;* in which term, the idea of *courage and patriotism* are combined: when such a man would dissemble, he had but one way of doing it, which is, to run those qualities into the extreme; or, in the poet's fine expression,

"To be virtuous, even to madness."

The African, on the other hand, being by complexion, *a knave,* his dissimulation is of another cast. It consists in a certain pliancy of temper and a dextrous application of himself to all humours and occasions; in a studious endeavour, in short, to conceal the proper *vice* of his nature, as the aim of a better man would be, to outrage the *virtue* of his. Hence Sempronius is always in a storm of zeal; while Syphax assumes as many shapes as the moment calls for, or his Numidian genius suggests. Even the catastrophe of both is suited to this difference of character; Syphax sneaks out of the conspiracy, and would escape death, if he could: Sempronius provokes his fate; and perishes in a rant of bravery, as he had lived.

This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,

Load en with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX. Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUBA. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all

The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul.
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX. Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA. What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX. Abandon Cato.

JUBA. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUBA. Alas! thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX. By laying up his counsels in your heart

JUBA. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA. I do believe thou wouldst: but tell me how?

SYPHAX. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA. My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX. And therefore died.

JUBA. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX. Rather say your love.

JUBA. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUBA. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex.
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)

But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

JUBA. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit*

SCENE V.*

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,

* The love-scenes in Cato, are beautiful in themselves, and the play could not have made its fortune without them. But "Non erat hic locus," —yet they are not so much out of place here, as they might have been elsewhere; for they serve, in some degree, to cover the defect of the fable, which is very undramatic; and could, I think, by no management, be worked up to a due degree of tragic distress.

While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. *Exit*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air;
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

MARCIA. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

MARCIA. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes.
And often have revealed their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
LUCIA. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
MARCIA. For neither—
And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?
LUCIA. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—
MARCIA. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
LUCIA. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
MARCIA. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUCIA. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

MARCIA. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,[a]
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA. Alas! too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MARCIA. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream,[b] when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,

[a] *Falls in tears.* It should be "falls *into* tears," he might have said,
"*Oft Portius self falls into tears before me.*"

[b] *So the pure limpid stream.* A beautiful simile, in the mouth of a *lady*, and the most natural that could be, in the mouth of a *Roman* ladv, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the *yellow* Tiber, as it was called, contract, and discharge its colour.

Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.[a]

The Senate.

SEMPRONIUS. Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
LUCIUS. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO. Fathers, we once again are met in council
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?

That no grace might be wanting, we have it introduced by a metaphor taken from this circumstance:

"Our lives *discoloured.*"

I question if there be another instance of so consummate art, and taste, in any writer.

[a] Before the author wrote this and the following scene, he had warmed his patriotism, as well as imagination, with the Philippics of Cicero.

Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS. My voice is still for war.
Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is towering phrenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,

That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato*

CATO. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodged on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, ETC.

DECIUS. Cæsar sends health to Cato.—

CATO. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DECIUS. My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

DECIUS. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar:
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

DECIUS. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO. No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CATO. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO. Let him consider that, who drives us hithe
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, ETC.

SEMPRONIUS. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:

Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CATO. Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

SEMPRONIUS. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.*

* *Till terms arrive.* Terms *had* arrived, already; or which is better, Decius tells Cato he was at liberty *to name his terms;* but no terms could

SEMPRONIUS. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA. The resolution fits a Roman senate
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, 'My son,' said he,

be accepted, so long as Cæsar resolved to keep his power. The sentence before us is, then, clearly incomplete, and should be given thus, without a full stop,—"We ought to hold it out till terms arrive," meaning to add "*which it becomes us to accept*," or some such thing. But Sempronius, in his blustering way, catches at the word "*terms*," and breaks in upon Lucius, with saying—"We ought to hold it out till death." That some such clause, as I have supposed, is wanting to complete the sense, is evident, not only from the reason of the thing, but from what Cato tells Juba in the next scene, that the resolution of the senate was to hold out "Till time give better prospects," *i. e.* not only till *terms arrive* but *better terms*, than had yet been offered.

'Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.'

CATO. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!

JUBA. I would not boast the greatness of my father
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?

Reduced like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUBA. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires
Depends on Cato.

CATO. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.*

JUBA. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

JUBA. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO. What wouldst thou say?

JUBA. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest; liberty or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX. How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA. Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX. I know it well.

JUBA. Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX And so will all mankind.

* *Make not my ear a stranger to thy thoughts.* Quaintly expressed. It had been better to say plainly,

"——and make me not
A stranger to thy thoughts."

JUBA. I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
SYPHAX. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.
JUBA. Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?
SYPHAX. Alas! my prince, how you are changed of late!
I've known young Juba rise, before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
JUBA. Prithee, no more!
SYPHAX. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
JUBA. Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!
SYPHAX. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice
Marcia might still be yours.
JUBA. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention
SYPHAX. Marcia might still be yours.
JUBA. As how, dear Syphax?
SYPHAX. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:

Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up
And bear her off.

JUBA. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX. Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.

JUBA. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX. Go, go, you're young.

JUBA. Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX. I have gone too far. [*Aside*

JUBA. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul

SYPHAX I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

JUBA. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To do an action, which my soul abnors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX. And 'tis for this my prince has called me traitor.

JUBA. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX. You did indeed, my prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, farther, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour in your service.

JUBA. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
* Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX. By heavens
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith

* For a comment on these famous lines, see *Note on the Guardian*, No 161.

Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and forwardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

JUBA. Syphax, farewel, I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man[a]
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *solus*. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—a false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—[b]

[a] *I'd rather have that man*, &c. That is, Juba's *honour* was the love of *honest praise*. See the note before referred to.

[b] *Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.* Nature is finely touched in this scene, but especially in the concluding soliloquy of Syphax. An ordinary writer would not have reflected, that the worst of men are glad to lay hold of some pretence, to reconcile their baseness to themselves.

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolved to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX. But how stands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas *
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX. But what's this messenger?

SEMPRONIUS. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fixt?

SYPHAX. Yes—but it is to Cato,
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,

* *Thou hast seen Mount Atlas.* Wonderfully judicious. The simile, as fine as it is, had been cold and trivial, if no *particular* mountain had been specified; and none could be so properly and gracefully specified in a simile addressed to Syphax, as Mount *Atlas.*

Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEMPRONIUS. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS. All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes[a] extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,

[a] *Numidian wastes* The same beauty as in the simile of Mount Atlas.

Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS. Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together,
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt

Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?[a]

PORTIUS. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

MARCUS. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season;
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.

[a] *i. e.* This flood of sorrows, into which *I am plunged.* Very ill expressed.

But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS. What should I do! if I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

MARCUS. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,[a]
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

PORTIUS. She sees us, and advances—

MARCUS. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

PORTIUS. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!

[a] *Amid the cool of yon high marble arch.* A Roman idea. An ordinary writer would not have been so observant of decorum.

Oh, Lucia, I'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

LUCIA. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might insure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUCIA. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck
—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUCIA. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.

May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

PORTIUS. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—

But, hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
LUCIA. O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.
PORTIUS. Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
LUCIA. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well!
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!
PORTIUS. To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA. Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewel, my Portius,
Farewel, though death is in the word, for-ever!

PORTIUS. Stay, Lucia, stay, what dost thou say? For-ever?

LUCIA. Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate? farewel,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word? for-ever!

PORTIUS. Thus o'er the dying lamp[1] th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUCIA. What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder o'er us?
—But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewel,

[1] *Thus o'er the dying lamp.* An elegant simile, and well expressed; but too pretty for the circumstances of the speaker. If the author had had a chorus at his command, he might have introduced it more naturally.

Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS. Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?
PORTIUS. What would'st thou have me say?
MARCUS. What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.
PORTIUS. I've reason.
MARCUS. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
PORTIUS. I'm griev'd I undertook it.
MARCUS. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
PORTIUS. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
MARCUS. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Prithee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!

To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

PORTIUS. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS. What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

PORTIUS. Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER. We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But, hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;

Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside*

CATO. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*
CATO. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
SEMPRONIUS. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
CATO. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar.
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
LUCIUS. See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
CATO. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
SEMPRONIUS. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.

There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUCIUS. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure

CATO. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

FIRST LEADER. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS. Villain, stand off! base, groveling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius,
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

FIRST LEADER. Nay, since it comes to this—

SEMPRONIUS. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive,
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

SYPHAX. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

SEMPRONIUS. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinder then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards*
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

* *Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards.* It was so natural for Syphax, so much in his character, to suggest this expedient, that one has no suspicion of its being contrived to carry on the fable, and so bring about the interesting *discovery* in the third scene of the fourth act.—It is by the invention and improvement of such incidents as these, that the true dramatic poet is distinguished from an ordinary play-writer.

So Pluto,[1] seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA. I know thou'rt doom'd, alike, to be belov'd
By Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA. And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

[1] *So Pluto*, &c. The simile is in character; but is not so properly addressed to Syphax: I could wish the Numidian had been dismissed, and this last speech had past in soliloquy

MARCIA. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

MARCIA. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [a]

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards.*

SEMPRONIUS. The deer is lodg'd. I've tracked her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,

[a] *The woman that deliberates is lost.* This line has been thought too free and injurious to the sex: but it is to be remembered that Marcia is speaking of *virtuous* love, which vindicates the sentence from such imputations. What, then, it may be asked, is meant by—"In spite of all the *virtue* we can boast?" clearly, the virtue of firmness, in resolving not to admit a lawful passion in unfit *circumstances*. But *all the virtue* of this sort, which the best women can muster up, will hardly keep its ground against *deliberation*. However, the *severe* Marcia was *lost* by surprise, and not by *deliberation*.

'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards—Hah! dastards, do you tremble?
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. What do I see? who's this that dare usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA. What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[*Sempronius falls. His guards surrender.*

SEMPRONIUS. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Sure 'twas the clash of swords, my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince;
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he! tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial

MARCIA. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

LUCIA. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MARCIA. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills·
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, the best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
The best of men? O had I fallen like him,

And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA. Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure glad'ned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA. I shall run mad—

MARCIA. O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

JUBA. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

MARCIA. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

JUBA. —See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch

That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA. With pleasure and amaze,* I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA. A wretch
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA. I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA. And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA. O fortunate mistake!

MARCIA. O happy Marcia!

JUBA. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

*Amaze, for *amazement;* a liberty in which the poets of that time indulged themselves. So Pope:

"In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze."
DUNCIAD, b. ii. 261.

MARCIA. Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

CATO, LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. I stand astonisht! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

CATO. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.*

The day light and the sun. "Tœdet cœli convexa tueri."
VIRG. ÆNEID, lib. v. 451.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

PORTIUS. My heart is griev'd
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit Portius*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country
Such popular humanity is treason

But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO. What's thy crime?

JUBA. I'm a Numidian.

CATO. And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO. Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distrest.

CATO. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire

Re-enter PORTIUS

PORTIUS. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

CATO. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

PORTIUS. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO. I'm satisfy'd.

PORTIUS. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS. Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

CATO. Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

CATO. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

CATO. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?

LUCIUS. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.
But, oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors

Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
—Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—

JUBA. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CATO. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome:
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

CATO. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,

Know, there are ships prepared by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

ACT V.

SCENE I

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO. But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

PORTIUS. Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO. Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS. O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO. Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father
Or know, young man!—

PORTIUS. Look not thus sternly on me,
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

PORTIUS. O, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him*

Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart

CATO. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

PORTIUS. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS, MARCIA.

PORTIUS. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MARCIA. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
MARCIA. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
LUCIA. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
MARCIA. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
LUCIA. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplext distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
MARCIA. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
LUCIA. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?
MARCIA. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

MARCIA. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower,
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit Portius.*

LUCIUS. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country.—Hah! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all—

MARCIA. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

LUCIUS. O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato*

MARCIA. O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

JUBA. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS. Now is Rome fallen indeed!—

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

CATO. Here set me down—
Portius come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
— O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty.[a] O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

[a] *Alas! I fear I've been too hasty.* This sentiment is not in character; but the amiable author, ever attentive to the interests of religion and virtue, chose, for the sake of these, to violate decorum.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:

Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms,
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.—Nov. 1714.

THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,[a]
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring smile,

[a] *Engaged great Cato in her country's cause.* Some little disingenuity has been charged on the author, from this line (see Pope's Works, Ep. to Aug. v. 215, Mr. Warburton's edition), nor can I wholly acquit him of it. The truth, however, seems to be this: Mr. A. had no party-views in composing this tragedy; and he was only solicitous (whatever his friends might be), to secure the suffrage of both parties, when it was brought on the stage. But the public would only see it in a political light: and was it to be wondered at, that a poet, in a dedication too, should take advantage of the general voice, to make a merit of his imputed patriotism, with the new family? How spotless must that muse be, that, in passing through a court, had only contracted this slight stain, even in the opinion of so severe a censor and casuist as Mr. Pope!

Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we présage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee, perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptr'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears opprest,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And soothe the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Meanwhile, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!

Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finisht heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

POEMATA

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"The following Latin poems are, in their kind, excellent. They are the better worth reading, as they show with what care our young author had studied the prince of the Latin poets; and from what source he afterwards derived, what a certain writer calls, a little whimsically indeed, but, I think, not unhapily, his *sweet Virgilian prose*. This *Virgilianism*, if I may so speak, consists in opening a subject by degrees; in presenting it, first, in a few and simple terms, and then enlarging and brightening it by a more distinct and exquisite expression, till the description becomes, as it were, *full-blown*, and is set before us in all its grace and beauty. With this gradual extension of a sentiment, or image, is joined an improvement in the rhythm. The ear is consulted, as well as the imagination; and the harmony of numbers keeps pace with the energy of expression. It is remarkable that Mr. Addison's studious imagination of Virgil's manner, hurt his English poetry sometimes, though it always improved his English prose. The reason was, he had no facility in rhyming; and so was obliged many times to take up with a weaker word or phrase, than its place in his verse required. Hence, the frequent *redundancies* in his rhymed poetry, which were intended by him, as *amplifications*. In his prose, he was under no such restraint; and his exact taste always led him to perfection. That this observation is just, we may see from his *Cato*, where the freedom of blank verse, as it is called, secured him from this mischance; and from these *Latin poems*, in which Virgilian gradation is every where observed, and nicely imitated."—Hurd.

"Here (Oxford) he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise. He has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but has formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.

"His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness, for he collected a second volume of the '*Musæ Anglicanæ*,' perhaps for a convenient receptacle in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his

poem on the Peace has the first place. Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which, perhaps, he would not have ventured to have written in his own language: *The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes; The Barometer;* and a *Bowling Green.* When the matter is low or scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought and want of novelty often from the reader and often from himself. In 1697 appeared his Latin verses on the Peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called by Smith 'the best Latin poem since the Æneid.' Praise must not be too rigorously examined; but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant."—JOHNSON—*Life of Addison.*

Ogle's opinion is less favorable—"He collected a second volume of the 'Musæ Anglicanæ,' and inserted in it most of his Latin compositions. Though they will always be valued by the scholar, and considered as productions of promise, they cannot compete with the poems of Buchanan, or of Vincent Brown; and in correctness must yield not only to Johnson, but now to many whose classical precision has been derived from the labors of the philologists of the greater portion of a century."—OGLE—*Life of Addison*, pp. xv., xvi.

Miss Aikin is not, perhaps, the best authority upon this subject—but her remarks deserve insertion:—

"In furtherance of this design, he now printed at the Sheldon press a second volume of the Musæ Anglicanæ, in which his own poems occupy a conspicuous place;—celebrated productions of which some account must here be given.

"The composition of Latin verse, even when not a commanded exercise of the schools, seems an effort of imitation so natural and obvious to the academic, with a memory stored from the treasury of the ancient classics, and a taste formed almost exclusively on their models, that it cannot be regarded as a serious derogation from the credit of early English scholarship, to have produced so little of this kind of fruit. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that before the appearance of the works of Milton and Cowley, and of May's Continuation of Lucan's Pharsalia, the English 'appeared unable to contest the palm of Latin poetry with any other of the learned nations.' These writers had found no successors of equal merit when Addison, whether moved by the example of two poets, both of them early objects of his fervent admiration, or solely by the promptings of his own elegant and highly classical spirit, first determined to build up a literary reputation on the foundation of Roman song. Some pieces of merit had however been produced, which, mingled with others of inferior quality, had issued from the Oxford press, but with a London editor, in 1691 in a single volume entitled Musæ Anglicanæ.

'A sequel to this work, also from the Sheldon press, appeared in 1692,

in which all the Latin pieces of Addison, eight in number, were contained; his poem on the Peace leading the way. No name of editor is given, but there is no doubt that the selection was made by Addison himself, nor of course that the elegant Latin preface which reappeared with some improvements in the enlarged and corrected edition of 1714, was from his pen. In this address to the public it is emphatically stated that no piece has been inserted in this collection but with the consent of its author; and a severe censure is passed upon the editor of the former volume, who, in publishing without authority several imperfect and juvenile attempts, is said to have consulted his own profit more than the reputation of the writers. The absence of any contributions from Cambridge scholars, is adverted to in terms of great politeness, which yet suggest the suspicion that they had been withheld from a spirit of petty jealousy towards the rival university.

"Great and general was the applause given by contemporary scholars to the first fruits of the learned muse of Addison; nor has their fame proved fugitive. The correctness and classical purity of these graceful productions have received no attaint; and although, as Dr. Johnson observes, that praise must not be too nicely weighed which assigned to his poem on the Peace the character of 'the best Latin poem since Virgil,' judges of the present day, both competent and impartial, have held that in the flow and cadence of his verse, at least, Addison has more nearly attained the sweetness and majesty of Virgil than any other modern.

"It appears that Addison, on setting out for his travels, carried with him the new volume of Musæ Anglicanæ, and occasionally availed himself of it as a kind of credential letter in his visits to the scholars of the continent."—AIKIN—*Life of Addison*, pp. 48, 51.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO, SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO, REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem un-

quam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis Tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulacraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriamque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit serien, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus[a] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Et vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hîc Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;

[a] Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS. Baro de Gowran, &c.

Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovi que latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, [a] Ductor Fortissime turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum [b] qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.

[a] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.
[b] Muscoviæ Imperator.

Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.

Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque[a] nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, magistatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu

[a] Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos urbi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro

Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,

Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis

Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt, obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?

Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa virota)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptar humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus,
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem

Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc peruntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jacta
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem

Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulacra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem

Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,

Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus,[a] sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—

[a] Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur.
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit. at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,

Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.—
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem

Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, impertque
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus.

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mænia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.

Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque

Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
  Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
    Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
  Terramque concretam, et latentem
    Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
  Utcunque stet commune vulgi
    Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
  Fundamina, et compage fracta
    Supositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
  Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
    Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede,
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, ut priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!,
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta veriantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!